

# BLUEBEARD

PZ

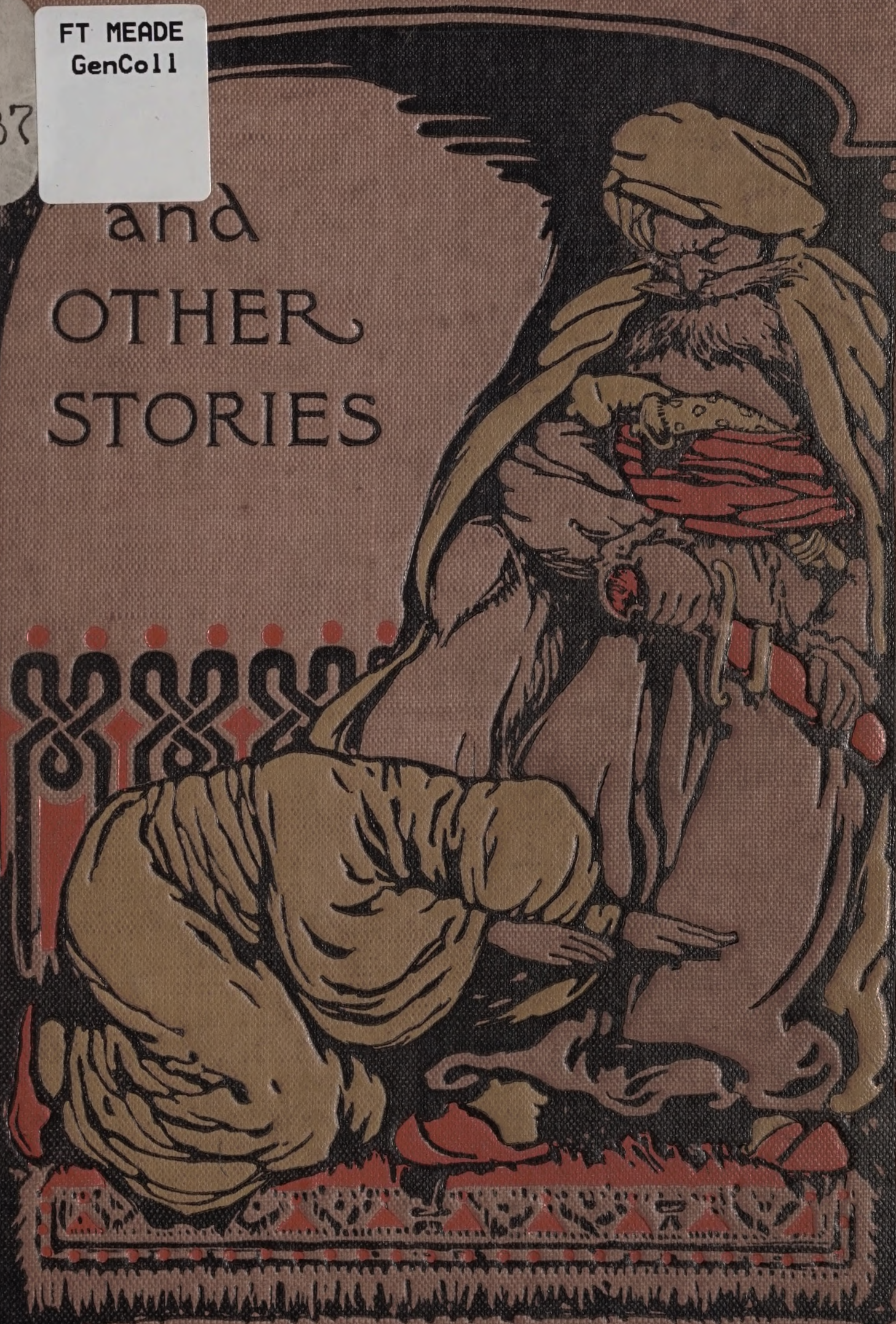
5

.S887

FT MEADE

GenColl

and  
OTHER  
STORIES







Class 35

Book Fine Arts

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 5

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**

















Fatima turned the forbidden key in the lock, opened the door, and as she entered the room, she uttered a cry of horror.

*Bluebeard.*



THE STORY OF  
BLUEBEARD

And Other Stories

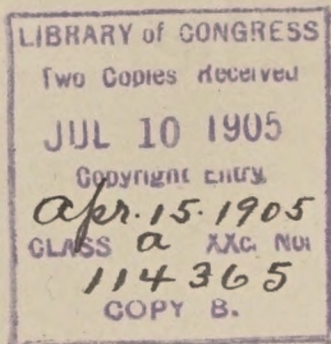


With Illustrations  
By J. WATSON DAVIS

A. L. BURT COMPANY,  
PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK



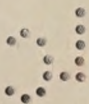
PZ5  
S 887



COPYRIGHT 1905  
By A. L. BURT COMPANY  

---

THE STORY OF BLUEBEARD





# CONTENTS

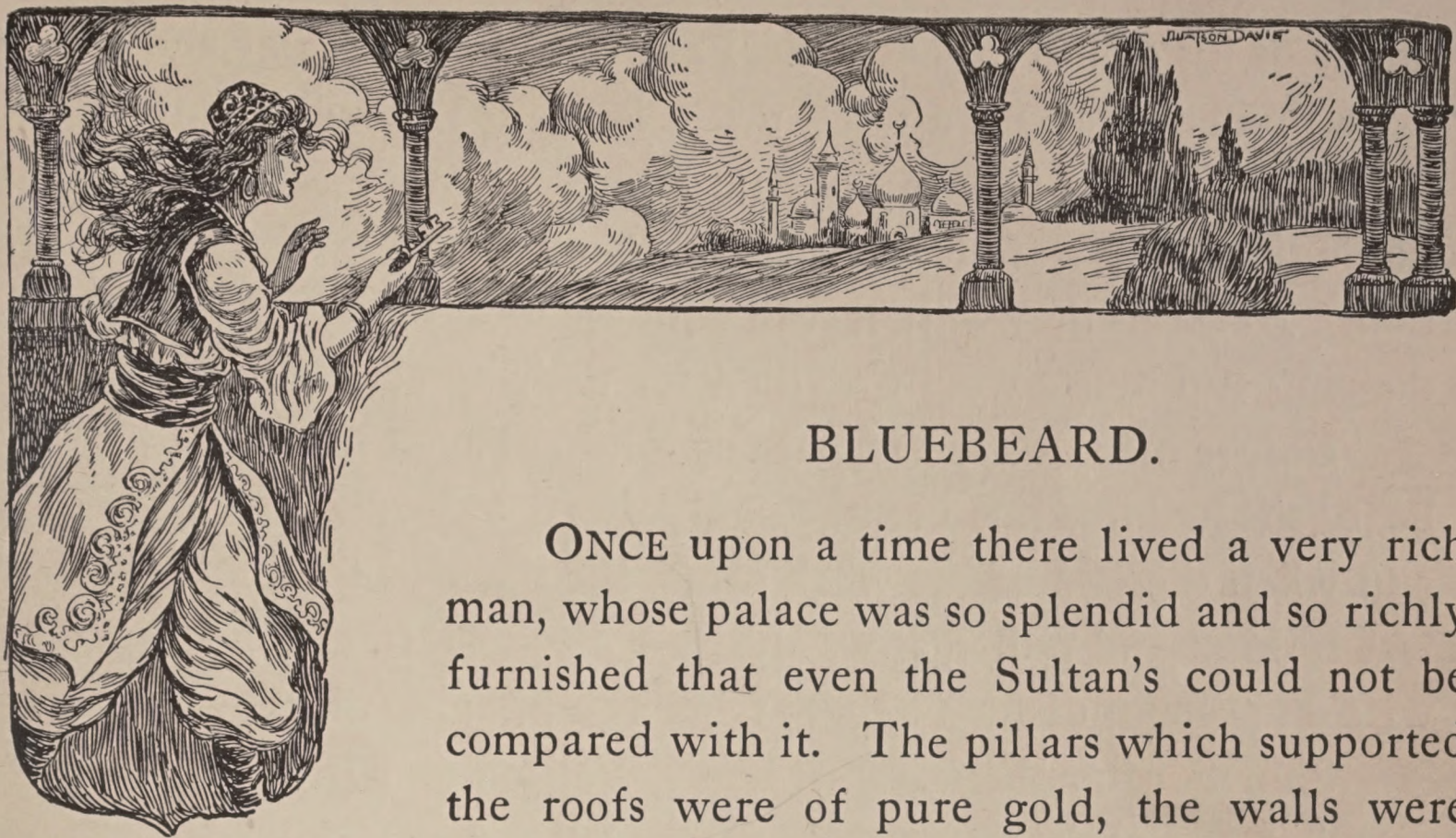
	PAGE.
Blue Beard.....	I
Strange Friendship.....	9
Find Out for Yourself.....	9
Why .....	10
Merry May.....	12
One Summer Day.....	12
My Friends.....	14
After the Storm.....	15
Gathering Sticks.....	16
Winter .....	17
My Old Fiddle.....	18
Guinea Pig and the Kitten.....	19
Two in a Boat.....	20
Away! Away! to London Town.....	22
How the Rain Popped.....	24
"Mrs. Phosphor's" Strange Pets.....	26
Rogue of a Boy.....	27
Lucy's Doctor Dee.....	30
Scamp Goes to the Circus.....	34
Marjorie's Doll.....	36
Robbie's Railroad.....	37
Your Boys.....	40
First Balloon.....	42
Our Boys.....	44
Minna's Messenger.....	45
Johnny's Lesson.....	46
Making Things for Grandpa.....	48
Where Jackey Found the Rainbow.....	50
Peter and Frieda.....	53
What May Did.....	55
Doll's Doctor.....	56
Little Marie.....	57
Lady Come to Tea.....	58



# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Shep and the Milkman.....	62
Spinners .....	63
What Dolly Bought With Her Pennies.....	65
Little Journey.....	67
Christmas in the Far North.....	68
Mr. Monkey.....	70
Medicine .....	73
Clever Fellow.....	74
Sailing the Boat.....	77
Jack Horner.....	78
Journey to Grandpa's.....	81
Greedy Mouse in a Pumpkin.....	84
Little Joe's Ride.....	86
Bessie's Tramp.....	88
Larkspur .....	91
Mabel's Shower-Bath.....	92
Mollie's Little Lesson.....	94
Going After Fire.....	97
Orange .....	99
Baby Bumbles and Dottie Dimple.....	102
That Fly Paper.....	104
Mouse Frolic.....	106
Where Johnnie Went.....	109
Measured for Christmas.....	111
Pat Rooney and His Wife.....	113
Hero of Our Day.....	115
Katie's Letter.....	117
Puss in the Cage.....	120
Japanese Tea.....	122
April Showers Bring Forth May Flowers.....	123





## BLUEBEARD.

ONCE upon a time there lived a very rich man, whose palace was so splendid and so richly furnished that even the Sultan's could not be compared with it. The pillars which supported the roofs were of pure gold, the walls were adorned with every kind of curious and antique weapon, the hilts and scabbards of which shone and sparkled with a thousand gems, and the curtains and hangings were of the richest and softest silk.

Near to this beautiful palace lived a widow lady and her two daughters. The mother often looked with longing eyes towards her neighbor's house, and sighed as she thought of her children's obstinacy in refusing to become the mistress of such a magnificent mansion. For the rich man had made offers of marriage to both the pretty maidens in turn, but neither Fatima nor Anne would consent to become his wife.

The fact of the matter was that the rich man unfortunately had a bright blue beard, and this made him so extremely ugly that they could not bear to look at him. Added to this, Bluebeard had been married several times already, and no one quite knew what had become of his wives, though he made all sorts of excuses to account for their disappearance.

One day Bluebeard decided to give a series of entertainments



at one of his country mansions. Fatima and her mother and sister were invited to spend a week there, in company with many other ladies and young people; and no sooner did they set foot in the house than they were loaded with gifts of the most costly description. At meals they were served with the most delicious foods, and dancing and music were provided for their amusement.

Before many days had passed, Fatima began to think that the beard she had imagined to be so ugly was not so *very* blue after all; and when the end of the week came, she decided that, as her host was so kind and polite, it would be a pity to refuse to become his wife on account of such a mere trifle as a blue beard.

Shortly after their return home, Fatima and Bluebeard were married, and at first everything went well. A month passed away, and one morning Bluebeard told his wife that he had received some news which would oblige him to leave her for a few weeks.

He kissed her affectionately, and, giving her the keys of the whole castle, bade her amuse herself during his absence in any way she pleased. He showed her the keys which opened the treasure-chests and wardrobes; then, pointing to a small key of polished steel, he said:

"I forbid you to use that key; it opens the door of the little closet at the end of the long gallery. Go where you will, do what you please, but remember that I have forbidden you to go near that room!"

Fatima promised faithfully to obey his orders, watched him step into his chariot, and stood waving her hand to him from the palace gates as he drove away. Scarcely was the carriage out of sight than Fatima began to wonder what could possibly lie hidden behind the closet door. However, she had little time to think about it, for the guests who had been invited to keep her company during her husband's absence began to arrive, and for some time





"YOU HAVE DISOBEYED MY COMMANDS," SAID BLUEBEARD IN AN ANGRY VOICE.



she was so busy entertaining them that she did not think about the keys. But presently, in looking for the key of one of the great treasure-chests, something seemed to burn her hand.

It was the key of the little closet at the end of the long gallery.

Her guests were busy admiring the beautiful ornaments and dresses that Bluebeard had presented to his pretty bride; so she stole softly from the room, ran like a hare down the narrow passage, and fitted the key into the lock. For a moment she paused, remembering her husband's command, but her curiosity was too much for her; she turned the key, and entered the room. She uttered a cry of horror, and the key fell from her trembling hand, for the sight which met her wondering gaze froze the blood in her veins. Upon the floor lay the bodies of all the lovely ladies Bluebeard had married, and who had disappeared so mysteriously! Their heads were severed from their bodies, and hung in a row upon the wall!!

With a sinking heart, and cheeks as white as snow, Fatima returned to her guests; but she was too terrified to attend to their comfort or to attempt to entertain them; so one by one they bade their hostess good-bye, and went home, until at last there was no one left with her except her sister Anne.

It was then that Fatima noticed a spot of blood upon the fatal key! She wiped it carefully, but the spot remained; then she washed it and scoured it with sand; but it was all in vain, for it was a fairy key, and as fast as she washed away the blood on one side it appeared on the other.

Early the next evening, Bluebeard unexpectedly returned. He had met a horseman by the way, he said, who had told him that the "business" had already been settled, so that it was no longer necessary for him to continue his journey.

Fatima tried to welcome her husband with every appearance





"I SEE," CRIED ANNE, "TWO HORSEMEN, BUT THEY ARE YET A GREAT WAY OFF."



of pleasure, but all the time she was dreading the moment when he would ask for the keys. This he did not do until the following morning, and then she gave them to him with a hand which shook so terribly that Bluebeard easily guessed what had happened. "How is it that you have not brought me the key of the little closet?" he asked sternly.

"I must have left it upstairs," answered the poor girl.

"Bring it to me at once!" said Bluebeard, and Fatima was forced to go upstairs and make a pretence of looking for the key, which was hidden in her pocket the whole time.

At last Bluebeard became so angry that she was obliged to give him the key, and he at once demanded the cause of the stain upon it.

"I do not know!" faltered Fatima.

"But *I* know," thundered her lord. "You have disobeyed my commands and have visited the room which I ordered you not to enter. You shall go there again, madam, but you will never return. You shall join the company you were so curious to see."

Fatima fell upon her knees at his feet and begged for mercy, but the cruel man bade her prepare for death. "Give me but a few minutes," she cried, and Bluebeard answered: "Ten minutes only will I grant you; after that you must die."

Poor Fatima hastened to the little turret chamber, to which her sister had fled in terror, and cried in grief: "Sister Anne, mount, I pray you, to the top of the tower, and see if my brothers are not in view. They promised to visit me to-day, and if you should see them, sign to them to make haste." So the sister mounted the little staircase leading to the tower, and Fatima cried again: "Sister Anne, sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?"

"I see nothing but the sun, whose slanting rays are like dust, and the grass which grows tall and green."



The ten minutes had passed away, and Bluebeard had sharpened his two-edged scimitar and stood at the foot of the staircase, calling to his wife to come down. "One moment longer," said she, and called very softly to her sister: "Sister Anne, sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?"

Sister Anne replied sadly: "I see nothing but the sun, whose slanting rays are like dust, and the grass which grows tall and green."

"Come down at once," Bluebeard cried, in great wrath, "or must I come and fetch you?"

"Sister Anne, sister Anne," sobbed the wretched wife, "look once again, I pray you. Is there *no* one upon the road?" And the weeping sister replied: "I see a cloud of dust, which rises on one side."

"Perchance it is my brothers," said Fatima.

"Alas! no," sister Anne said, "it is but a flock of sheep."

"Fatima, I command you to come down," roared Bluebeard.

"One moment—only one moment more," said his wife. "Sister Anne, sister Anne, is there *no* one in sight?"

"I see," cried Anne, "two horsemen, but they are yet a great way off."

"Heaven be praised!" said the poor wife. "They must be my brothers. Oh! sign to them to hasten."

By this time Bluebeard was so enraged that his loud voice, as he shouted to his wife to come down, shook the whole castle. Fatima dared not delay any longer, but descended to the great hall, threw herself at her wicked husband's feet, and besought him once more to spare her life.

"Silence!" cried Bluebeard, and seizing her by her lovely, rippling hair, he raised his scimitar to strike.

At that moment there was a loud knocking at the castle gates.



Bluebeard paused, and before he had time to let the scimitar fall upon his wife's neck, the two brothers burst into the hall. One of them tore his sister from Bluebeard's grasp, whilst the other plunged a sword into his heart.

So the wicked Bluebeard perished miserably; and Fatima divided all his great wealth between herself, her faithful sister, and her two brave brothers, and they lived happily together ever afterwards.





## A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.

A FRIENDSHIP between a cat and a bird is not very common, but the following is a true case:

A lady owned both a cat and a canary, and for some time she took care to keep them apart, the bird being allowed out of its cage only when the cat was not in the room. One day, however, to the lady's dismay, she beheld the cat in the room and the canary perched on its back! After this, seeing they continued good friends, the cat and the bird were allowed to be in the room together.

One morning, when they were in their mistress's bedroom, the lady was horrified to hear the trusted cat give a low growl, and, seizing the bird in its mouth, jump on to the bed, where it stood, with bristling hair, glaring eyes, and stiffened tail.

At this moment the lady beheld a strange cat which had found its way unseen into the room. She drove it away, and when it had disappeared, puss deposited her little feathered friend upon the bed uninjured, having taken it up to preserve it from the intruder.

## FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF.

"FATHER, what bird is this?" asked a little boy called James Tuke, one day, some seventy years ago.

"That thou must find out for thyself, my boy," was the answer of the wise Quaker father.

So the boy had to get down books, and searched till he found out the names, habits, and peculiarities of the bird he wished to know about. This training bore good fruit; James learned to make himself master of his subject, and "undertook nothing till he first knew."

James Tuke in later life became a well-known banker, who spent much time in active work for the poor and helpless.





I WATCHED them draw the net ashore,  
And thought what fun 'twould be,  
To see the little fishes come  
Inside it from the sea.

But when the silvery leaping things  
Upon the pebbles lay,  
I wished to put them back again  
And let them swim away!

“Don’t be a silly little girl!”  
Said Jane,—quite crossly, too,—  
“What would the people do for fish  
If fishers were like you?”



Yet when we found a little bird,  
Lying on the shore,  
That day the world was full of wind  
And of the white sea's roar;—

A little bird with broken wing  
That nevermore would fly,  
We took it home and tended it,  
And grieved that it must die.

And when a naughty, wicked boy  
Threw stones and hurt the cat,  
We petted Pussy all the day  
And fed her where she sat.

And everybody said "Poor Puss!"  
"How sad it is to see  
A little creature suffering  
Because of cruelty!"

Perhaps I am a silly child,  
But all the same I wish  
That I could tell why nobody  
Is sorry for the fish!



## MERRY MAY.

WHAT is so fair as a morn in May?—  
All the world is young and gay;  
Hearts are laughing and skies are blue,  
Earth seems clad in a mantle new,  
Gold of sunlight, and meadow green,  
Twinkle of flowery stars between,  
Birds that carol on every spray,—  
Oh, but the world is glad in May!

Come, good people, out and away!  
Young and old, come forth to-day!  
Down the meadow, and over the hill,  
Wander abroad at your own sweet will;  
Smiling maiden, warrior gay;  
Happy children, dance and play!  
Every one must rejoice to-day,  
Merrily goes the world in May.

## ONE SUMMER DAY.

ALL this summer afternoon,  
Silence reigns o'er everything,  
Birds forget their merry tune,  
Scarce a bee is on the wing;  
Drowsy cattle by the pool  
Shelter from the burning sun,  
Little children shut in school  
Wish that lesson-time was done,  
As they sigh, and say together,  
"Who could learn in such hot weather!"





MERRILY GOES THE WORLD IN MAY!



## MY FRIENDS.

I have such a lot of friends  
That other children do not  
see,  
And that's because they do not  
play about the woods with  
me;  
If they did, they'd know the  
thrush,  
Who has his pulpit in a birch,  
And sings to me far sweeter  
than the choristers in  
church.  
There is a squirrel in the  
wood,  
Who has his larder in a tree,  
And every day he showers down  
the empty nuts to me;  
And there are bunnies every-  
where,  
Who burrow underneath the  
grass,  
I like to see their fluffy white  
tails bobbing as they pass.





There's the pretty, soft-winged bird,  
That people call the "cushat dove,"  
And there's the heron flapping 'cross the clear blue sky above;  
And in the beech a sleepy owl  
Hides his eyes from the bright light,  
I only hear him singing when I'm in my bed at night.

There are other friends of mine—  
So many that I cannot say  
What is the number of the friends I visit every day.  
But if my cousins from the town,  
Who say they find the country "slow,"  
Came down to stay with me they'd find it interesting, I know.

### AFTER THE STORM.

THE little brown calf had hardly had time to get used to the world yet, it was such a young thing, and the storm of hail and rain that had just beaten upon it was the first it had ever known.

"Look, Mother!" it cried, turning up its face towards the rainbow that had just begun to shine in the sun. "Why are not those pretty colors there always?"

"Ah!" said the old cow, "I can't tell you why, but I know it is from the heavy storm-cloud the bright rainbow springs."



## GATHERING STICKS.

THE world is white and frozen,  
And caked with snow the ground;  
Beneath the trees, all leafless,  
The fallen twigs are found.

They once were living branches,  
These twigs so dead and dry,  
Played hide and seek with sunbeams  
Beneath a summer sky.

Where is the sunshine vanished  
That made the world so warm?  
For here's a world of winter,  
Of snow, and ice, and storm.

The sunbeams are in hiding  
Within these sticks so cold;  
Oh! who would dream that dead things  
Should warmth and brightness hold!

But on my hearth, so humble,  
Where the wood-fire shall blaze,  
You soon shall see the brightness  
And glow of summer days.







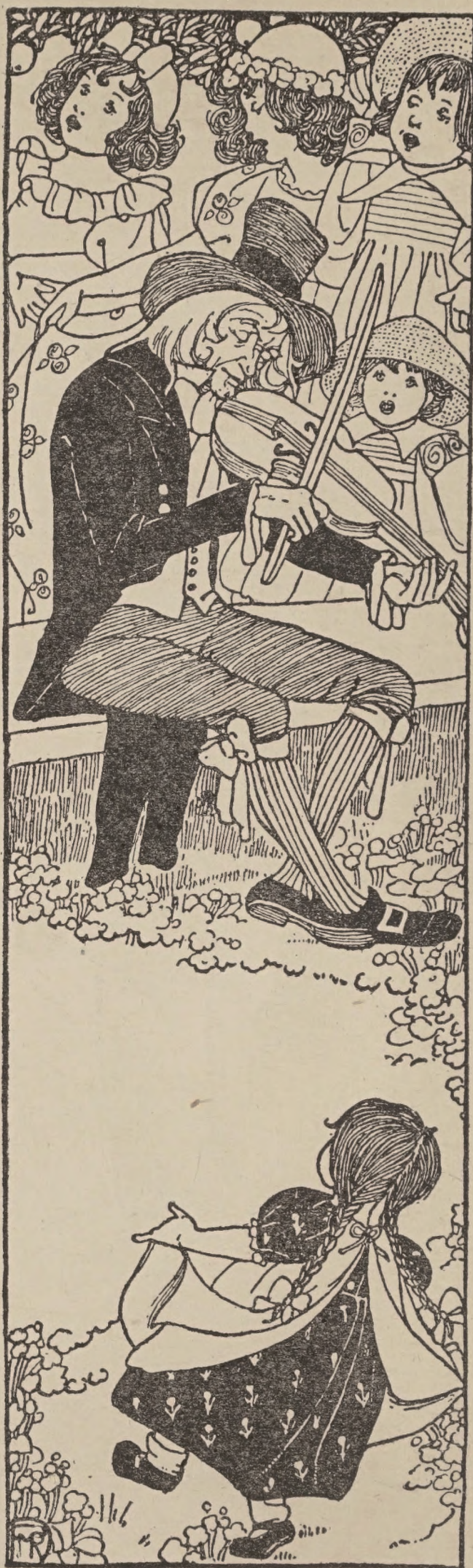
## MY OLD FIDDLE.

AH! for many years as comrades we  
 have jogged along together;  
 My dear old fiddle and myself,  
 And though life has passed the limit  
 of its bright and sunny weather,  
 We are neither to the present on the  
 shelf!

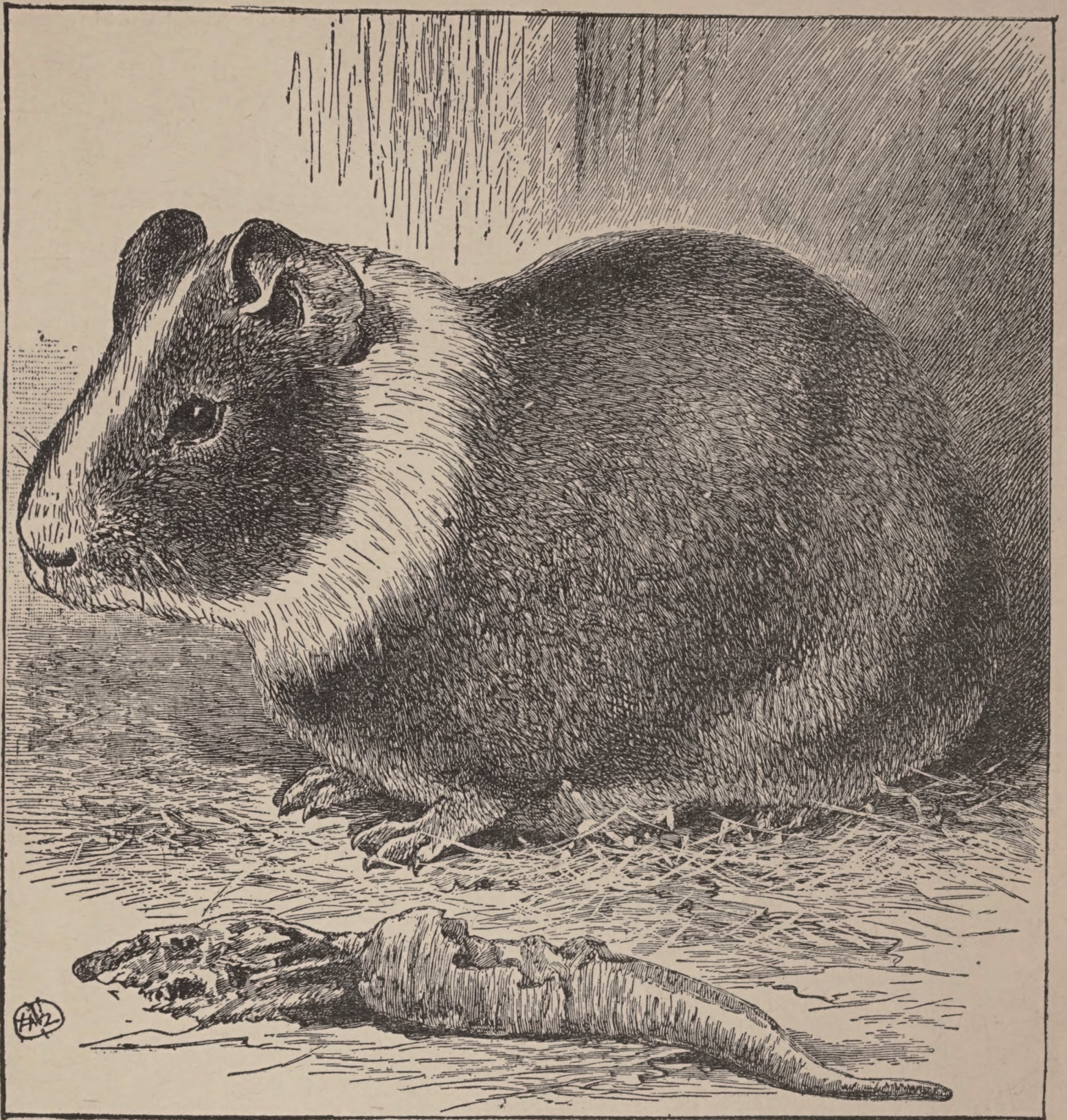
We can start the merry dancers and  
 can keep them all a-spinning,  
 Till they beg that we'll our ener-  
 gies suspend,  
 For the music is so catching and the  
 measure is so winning,  
 That they'd dance themselves to  
 shadows in the end!

Whatsoever people need,  
 We are ready with the tune,  
 Be it fling or jig or hornpipe,  
 Or a merry rigadoon!  
 And if they a song prefer,  
 We together play and sing,  
 Yes, the fiddler and his fiddle  
 Are a couple for a king!  
 There is ne'er a rustic wedding that is  
 anything without us,  
 And no christening is worthy of the  
 name,  
 If we don't provide the music and the  
 guests trip round about us,  
 So essential is our presence at the  
 same!

It is close on 50 summers since our  
 friendship was cemented,  
 And our efforts from the start in fa-  
 vor grew,  
 So it's certainly unlikely we shall now  
 be circumvented,  
 For our friends prefer old faces to  
 the new.







## THE GUINEA PIG AND THE KITTEN.

It is wonderful how animals, though perhaps natural enemies, make friends if brought up together with kindness.

When we were children we were given a pair of guinea pigs; one was pure white with red eyes, and the other brown and white; we named them Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.



We were very excited about their arrival, and made all sorts of elaborate arrangements for their comfort. Besides a house and two kinds of runs, we arranged a complete diet for the week, written out with great care on a piece of sermon-paper!

As they were the joint property of three of us, there was some difficulty as to the ownership, but one of our elder sisters coming to the rescue, settled that we were each to give them a meal every day, the meal being a different one each day.

But, sad to say, even these arrangements could not preserve our piggies' lives, and one day the brown one died very suddenly, of heart failure.

After this sad event the white one was rather miserable, till, a few months after, a little grey kitten was added to our menagerie, when these two speedily became fast friends.

They ate their meals out of the same saucer, sat cuddled up together in the same house, and if the kitten was separated from the guinea pig for more than a few minutes it began the most plaintive miewing. But almost the funniest thing was to see them playing together—kittie with guarded paw, so as not to hurt Tweedle-dum with her sharp little claws, and the guinea pig running hither and thither, quite enjoying the fun!

## TWO IN A BOAT.

Two together in a boat, Tray—my dog—and I;  
All alone we idly float, underneath the sky.

Here within the sheltered moat, reeds and rushes nigh;  
Two together in a boat, Tray—my dog—and I.

Music drops from skylark's throat, mounting up on high;  
Faithful friend in glossy coat, you for me would die.  
Two together in a boat, Tray—my dog—and I.





AWAY! AWAY! TO LONDON TOWN!





## AWAY! AWAY! TO LONDON TOWN!

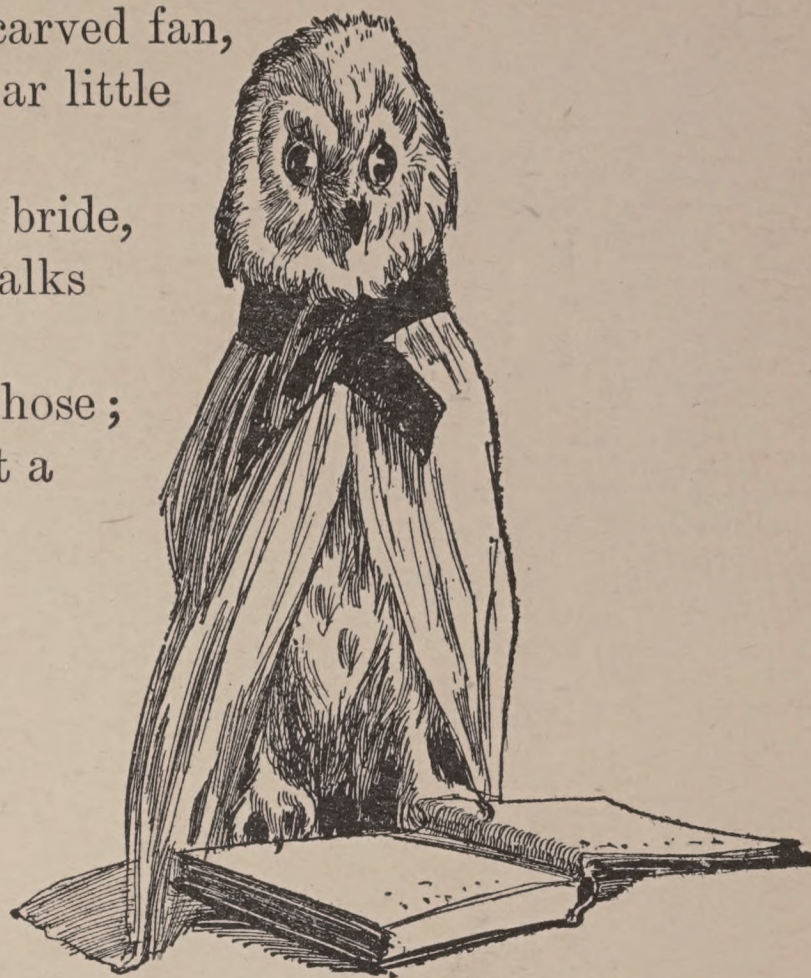
AWAY! away! to London town  
To buy my ladyee a hat and a gown.  
She shall have laces and jewels rare,  
And a long white feather to wear in her hair.  
She shall buy shoes for her dainty feet,  
And delicate gloves to wear in the street.



A parasol fringed, and quaintly carved fan,  
To be suitably dressed for her dear little  
man.

My ladyee will make a beautiful bride,  
And wed the gay knight, who walks  
at her side

With doublet slashed and silken hose;  
A sword at his side, on his breast a  
red rose.



A knight so brave you ne'er did see  
As he who loves my fair ladyee.

The priest will come with stole  
and gown

To tie the knot in London  
town.

Then away they'll dash, in  
coach and four;

Farewell to the guests, who  
throng the church door.





ONE evening in October, when Bertie was visiting his grandmother, his cousins May and Ned were popping corn. Bertie was a very little boy, not quite five years old, and he had never seen any corn popped before. He screamed with delight when they shook the popper over the hot coals, and he saw the kernels of corn jump and burst into large white flakes at every pop. When it was ready to eat, he carried it in a large plate to his mother, who smiled to see her little boy's pleasure.

The next day Bertie was to go chestnutting with his cousins. He had never been in the country before, and all these pleasures were new to him. It was therefore very disappointing when he woke the next morning to find it was raining hard. He stood at the window, after breakfast, looking out, with a very mournful look on his little



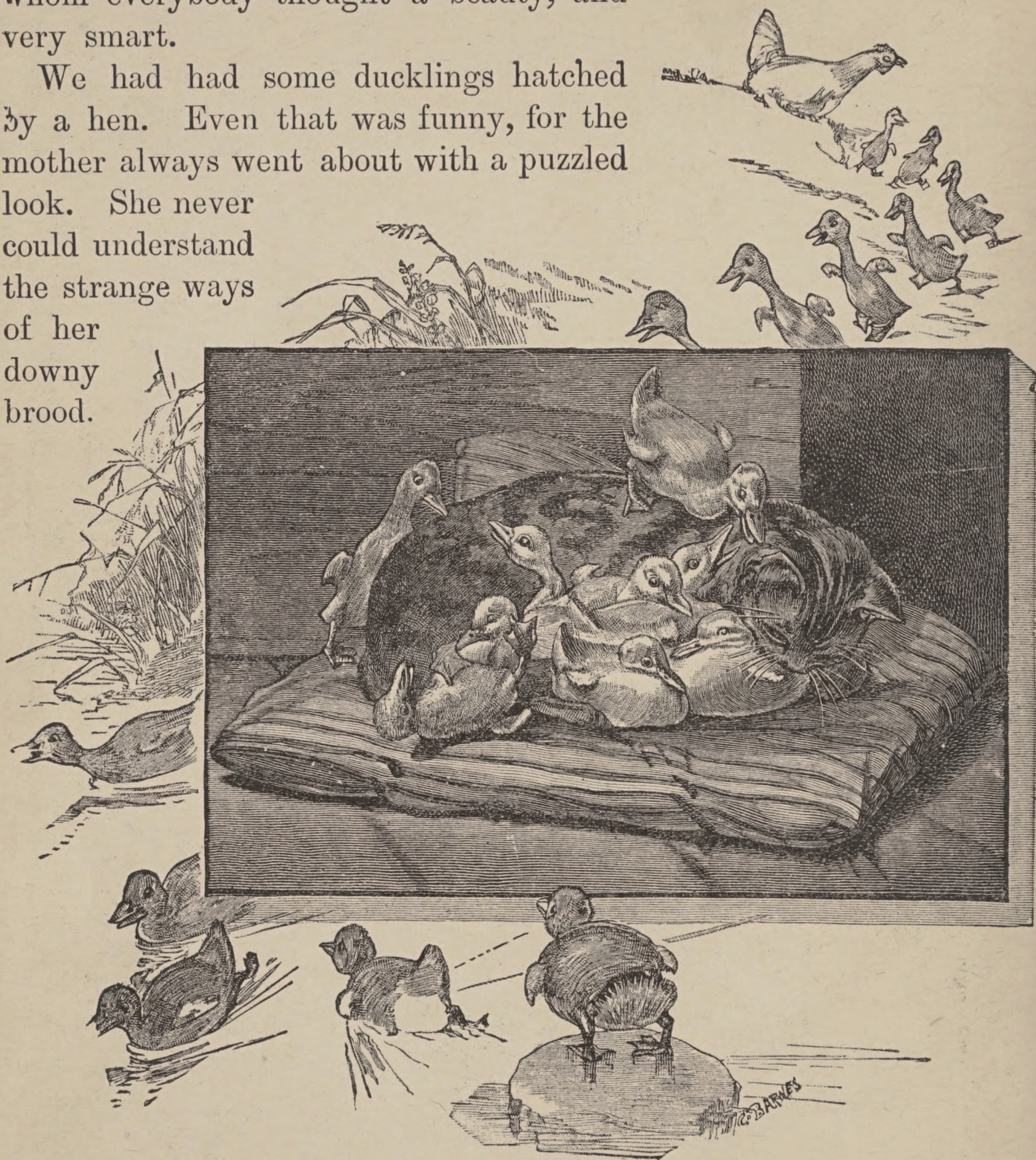


face. Suddenly, as is sometimes the case, the rain turned to snow, and fell in large white flakes. "O mother!" cried Bertie, all disappointment and sorrow gone from his face, and clapping his hands, "look! look! see! the rain has popped!"



MRS. PHOSPHER was our old cat. She was a great yellow creature whom everybody thought a beauty, and very smart.

We had had some ducklings hatched by a hen. Even that was funny, for the mother always went about with a puzzled look. She never could understand the strange ways of her downy brood.

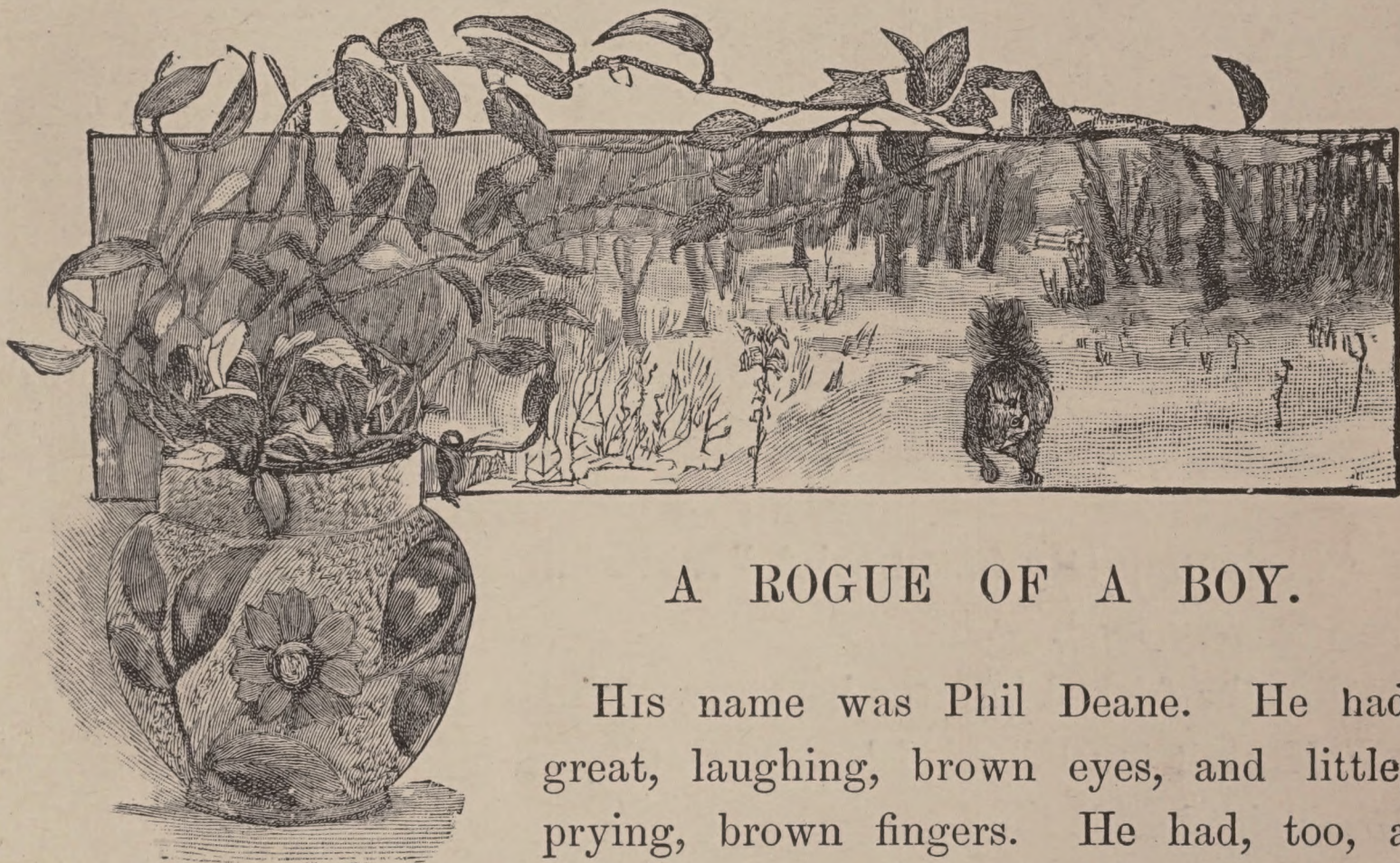


But the strangest thing happened when "Mrs. Phospher" adopted them. A cat often kills young ducks; but to take a feathered brood



and bring them up as she would kittens was altogether a new thing.

Perhaps the feathers felt soft and downy, and she mistook them for fur. She would lick them all over, and they nestled close to her as kittens would do. It was a very queer family. You would have thought so if you could have seen them, I know.



### A ROGUE OF A BOY.

His name was Phil Deane. He had great, laughing, brown eyes, and little, prying, brown fingers. He had, too, a sad, sad habit of not obeying. You shall hear what came of this. The story is as true as a story can be.

Phil and his papa and his mamma were staying at Mr. Drew's farm-house by the seashore when it happened, and Phil was six years old. One day, after digging sand a while upon the beach, the little boy trudged off behind the house to pull clover for Bessie, the sleek red cow.

"That's right, Master Phil," called Mr. Drew from the barn, where he was painting a boat; "give my cow a good supper."





“She eats pretty fast, I think ” said Phil, stroking Bessie, of whom he was very fond.

Then he frisked into the barn to watch Mr. Drew at his work.

“Mustn’t touch,” cried Mr. Drew, dipping his brush into the can of blue paint beside him.

“Why mustn’t I — ?” began Phil, but at that moment he spied something strange in the corner, and ran to see what it could be.

It was a gun, left there by a neighbor who was coming back for it in a short time.

“Mustn’t touch,” said Mr. Drew, without looking up. He had forgotten the gun. He thought the child had gone for the pitchfork.

“Why can’t I take it ?” asked Phil, slyly laying hold of the gun

“You’re too little. You might hurt yourself,” said Mr. Drew, still



without raising his eyes, for now he heard Phil's father coming, and he thought Mr. Deane could take care of his own little son.

"Poh! I'm oceans bigger'n I used to be. Mr. Drew doesn't know," said Phil to himself, lifting the heavy gun with a great effort, and pointing it at his father.

"Look out, papa, I'm going to shoot," he cried out merrily, with his chubby brown finger upon the trigger.

"Don't move, my son! don't move!" shouted his father, springing quickly aside.

But even as he spoke the trigger snapped, and with a flash and a bang the gun went off.

Phil saw something fall, and toppled over himself, shrieking:

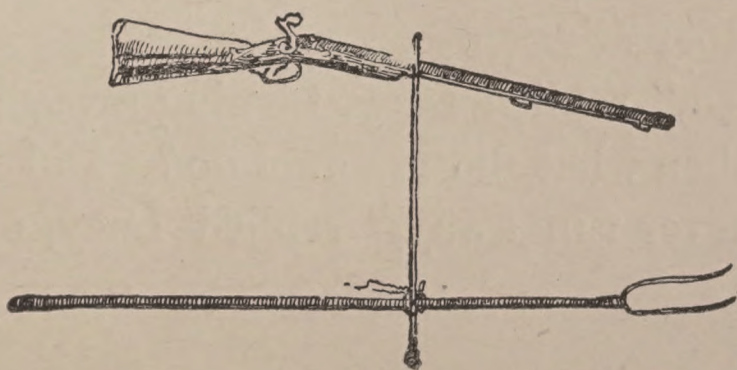
"I didn't mean to! Oh, I didn't mean to shoot papa! Oh, I was only funning."

Strange to say Mr. Deane was not harmed in the least.

"You might have killed me, my son. It's a mercy that you did not," he cried, hastening to snatch up the smoking gun. "You haven't hurt me, but—think of it, my little boy—you have killed Mr. Drew's good old cow!"

Phil nearly cried his eyes out over the cow, and his papa gave Mr. Drew forty dollars to buy another one, but that did not make dear old Bessie alive again.

No, that day's mischief could never be undone, but it taught little Phil a lesson he never has forgotten. It taught the little meddler never to touch what he had been told not to handle.





## LUCY'S DOCTOR DEE.

LUCY LOCKWOOD caught cold one day and had a sore throat and a cough. Her mother felt sad. She did not like to see her little girl suffer; and besides, when Lucy was sick she was always so cross!

She cried because she could not go out to play; she cried because her doll's hair would not curl; she cried because her mother washed her face.

At last Mrs. Lockwood sent for Dr. Devoee, for she knew Lucy loved him and would like to see him. Lucy called him, "My dear Dr. Dee."

"The child is not very sick," said mamma to Dr. Devoee, "but I am tired of hearing her cry. Perhaps you can say something to make her feel happier."

The doctor nodded wisely, and ran upstairs to Lucy's chamber. He found her in an easy-chair, dressed in a pretty pink wrapper.

"O ho, little girl, what are you here for?" said he, shaking hands gayly.

Lucy smiled.

"I'm drefful sick, Dr. Dee! Want to hear me cough?"

Then she coughed so hard that she almost choked.

"Well done, very well done!" said the doctor; and looked at her tongue. "Poor little girl, you haven't been out of doors for three whole days; but then, you know, it has rained all the time. Now, tell me, have you been kind and good? Have you made everybody happy? What did you do yesterday when mamma washed your face?"

Lucy blushed a little.

"I screamed."

"O ho! And what did you do this morning when she could not stop to read you a story?"

"I — I — screamed," replied Lucy, turning away her little face.

"Indeed! And then what did mamma do? Did she run away?"

"No; mammas never run away," replied Lucy, opening her eyes very wide.



"Don't they? Why not? What makes your mamma stay here with such a naughty girl?"

"'Cause, — 'cause she loves me!"

"Ah! Then why don't you love her?"

"Oh, I do, I do!"

"Fie! Don't tell me that! If you love her, what makes you act so?"



Lucy twisted about in her chair.

"Well — well," said she, not knowing what excuse to make, "when a scream comes up in my mouth it has to come out."

"Ah, is that so? Then you must have some bitter medicine to cure you."

Lucy made a wry face as the doctor set a little vial on the table.

"I don't like bitter med'cine, Dr. Dee."





“Don’t you really? Then don’t scream any more, and you won’t have to take it.”

“Oh!” Lucy’s face grew smooth again.

“No. Here are some nice little white dots for you, and mamma will give you one every now and then, but she need not give you the bitter medicine unless the scream comes up in your throat. Good-by.”



When Mrs. Lockwood came back to the chamber Lucy looked very bright and pleasant and held up her lips for a kiss.

"I'm so sorry I was naughty to you, mamma; I guess I didn't love you much yesterday, but I love you now. Oh, I love you dearly."

"How do you know you love me, dear?"

"'Cause I'm going to try to be good!"



"That's the best way, that's the only way," said Mrs. Lockwood, looking happier than she had looked for three whole days.

Dr. Dee called next morning in a great hurry, and peeped in at Lucy.

"I didn't take that bitter med'cine, Dr. Dee," cried the little girl gleefully. "I don't have any more screams in my throat; they've all gone away."

"That's worth hearing! I knew I could cure you. Now you'll be out of doors to-morrow," said Dr. Dee, making a very low bow.





## SCAMP GOES TO THE CIRCUS.

MY master took Alexis, Buttercup, and The Twins to a place they call the circus, to-day. Of course I went too. It was a funny place. We went in a hole, where a man took the tickets. It was a hole in a great big cloth wall. My master said it was a tent, and that the hole was the door. A funny door, I thought.

When we went in, the man said, "Be careful, don't let the elephant eat that pug dog!" He meant me. My master laughed, and so did the twins; but they are little things and don't know better. Inside, my master let me down out of his arms, and Buttercup held the string to my collar. There was sawdust on the ground, and I found a ginger cake in it, and ate it.

There were all sorts of animals in the cages. Some cats and dogs, with lots of hair around their throats. My master said they were tigers and lions, but I thought they looked like cats and dogs. Then we saw a big something with a pump-handle to its nose. It would lift the pump-handle, and Alexis and Buttercup put cake in one end, where there was a hole.

My master said the big thing was an elephant, and the pump-handle his trunk. I always thought trunks were square boxes. When I heard it was an elephant I got behind The Twins, because I was afraid it would eat me. The man at the hole said it would. After we got through looking at the elephant, we all went into another tent.

I was so tired I went to sleep, and only awoke when the dogs came into the middle of the tent. My, how those dogs did behave! My master said they were trained to do tricks. Alexis said he would teach me. I don't want to know, for I am afraid it would make me very tired to do all the things those dogs did. But to-night I am going to try and stand on my head as one of the dogs did. I wonder if pug dogs can stand on their heads?





“I wonder if pug dogs  
can stand on their  
heads?”

“I got behind The Twins.”



“They were trained to do tricks.”





### MARJORIE'S DOLL.

SAMMY is the baby's doll,  
A fat doll, a rubber doll,  
Made so if he gets a fall  
He will not break at all.

His gingham trousers are of blue,  
A pale blue, a grimy blue;  
Rather old and shabby too,  
But what can Sammy do?



His little mamma does not know,  
Is not old enough to know,  
How to wash them, or to sew,  
And so they have to go.

One thing, though, she knows instead,  
A funny thing to know instead, —  
She blows the whistle in his head  
Until her face is red.



ROBBIE lived in the city, quite near the railroad station, where the trains were coming and going at nearly all hours of the day. He was never tired of watching them, and would sit at the window for hours, only saying, hopefully, "Pretty soon another car will come, mamma."

Last summer his mamma took Robbie into the country to spend a few weeks at Grandpa Ray's. He was very happy for a while, everything was so novel and interesting.

But one day, when he heard the car-whistle in the distance, he looked up wistfully into his mother's face and asked : —

"When can we go home, mamma, so I can see the trains again?"

After that he had the same homesick look whenever he heard the whistle. Grandpa Ray dearly loved his little grandson, and he did



not like to see him unhappy. One day he said, "Robbie, if the cars won't come to us, we must have some of our own."



So he harnessed "Dick" to the lumber wagon, and took Robbie with him to the saw-mill. He brought back a load of boards sawed into narrow strips. Robbie was so excited he could hardly eat his dinner.

After dinner they went out to the orchard in front of the house, and began work. The land sloped gradually, and Grandpa Ray and Robbie laid the wooden rails the entire length, fastening them in place. Then the car was built — a platform, with seats for two passengers, on wheels, which fitted the track, and could not run off.



There was a brake in front and a flag behind. When the time came for the first train to start Robbie was wild with excitement.

Mamma came out with the big dinner-bell, which she rang. Grandma Ray blew the horn. Susan, the maid, drummed on a tin pan. Away went the car, slowly at first, then faster and faster, till they reached "Pip-pin Tree station," in fine style.



After that Robbie had no more homesick days. Grandpa Ray's railroad became a great attraction to all the children in the neighborhood, and trains were running from morning until night.

"It is nicer than the steam-cars," said Robbie, one day. "And, Grandpa Ray, you are the kindest, and best, and dearest grandpa in all the world. I think I had better live with you always."



# you Boys.



HE twisted, he turned,  
 All quiet he spurned;  
 His back, like the back of a camel,  
 he humped;  
 On tables he drummed,  
 On windows he thrummed;  
 He hopped, and he jumped, and he  
 thumped, and he bumped!

He wriggled about;  
 Came in with a shout;  
 He sat in the cradle where  
 poor Dolly lay!



An Indian yell

Most clearly could tell

Where he could be found any time  
of the day!

He tied, on the spot,

His legs in a knot;

His wee sister cried, looking up from  
her toys:

“You’re much like an eel,

But worse a great deal;

I’d rather be ten girls than one of  
you boys!”





# THE FIRST BALLOON

BY M. E. HATHWAY

A happy little boy was John  
That pleasant afternoon,  
As from the county fair he rode,  
And bought a red balloon.


He held it by a slender cord,  
The bright mysterious thing!  
And watched it float upon the air,  
Light as a bird on wing.

"Now take good care" said grand-mamma,  
"And do not let it fall;  
And never strike it with a stick,  
Or throw it like a ball."


And never prick it with a pin,  
For if you should do that  
Its pretty shape would disappear,  
It would be spoiled and flat."

W. B. Russell







So John remembered for an hour  
What grandmamma had said,  
And then a host of idle thoughts  
Went trooping through his head.



And he began to doubt and guess,  
And wonder if she knew;  
And wished that he could find out sure  
If what she told was true.



At length he whispered to himself  
"I'll touch it with a pin -  
I don't believe one little prick  
Would make it all cave in."



He quickly did as he had planned -  
He pricked the precious toy:  
And John went home to bed that night  
A very sorry boy -

W.B. Russell





## OUR BOYS.

CARLIE has a soldier-cap ;  
 Chester has a horn of tin ;  
 Harry has a wooden sword.  
 (Listen to the din !)

Harry has some torpedoes ;  
 Carlie has a drum ;  
 Chester has a new flag.  
 (Listen to the fun !)

They are on the stone walk,  
 Tramping up and down,  
 Shouting, "We're the brass band,  
 Marching through the town !"





## MINNA'S MESSENGER.

MINNA is seven years old. She lives in a pretty country home where the trees are many and large. There the birds sing and the flowers bloom all summer long. Little Minna sings and blooms with them in the sweet pure air.

But Aunt Kate lives in the great city five miles away. Minna dearly loves to visit her and see the wonderful sights.

So Minna, with a small basket on her arm, goes alone on the train and Aunt Kate meets her at the station. Minna never goes without this small basket, and what do you suppose is in it?

I think you could not guess.

It is a beautiful, live carrier-pigeon.

As soon as Minna reaches the city she takes from her pocket a piece of blue ribbon, a bit of folded paper, and a pencil. Then she writes :—

“Love and a kiss to my dear mamma, from  
MINNA.”



This message she ties around Fleetwing's neck. Putting him upon her shoulder the pigeon spreads his wings and flies swiftly back to Minna's home.

Mamma is watching, and when she sees Fleetwing coming she smiles and takes the note. She goes about her work happy and content, knowing that her little girl is safe and having a beautiful time.

So, as you may fancy, Minna, Aunt Kate, and mamma are all very fond of Fleetwing, and think him the dearest and most wonderful of little messengers.



“COME, come, you naughty little elf,  
You really must behave yourself,  
And at the table, if you can,  
Sit like a little gentleman.”  
Now see — the meddling little hand  
Keeps playing with the cruet-stand —  
And soon he pulls a cover out  
And scatters pepper all about.





Said grandma: "'Twill not be amiss  
To teach you to remember this.  
A little pepper on your tongue  
We'll try." And as it bit and stung  
Poor Johnny whimpered out: "I wish  
I'd meddled with some other dish.  
You'll see," a saucy glance he stole,  
"Next time I'll tip the sugar-bowl."





“MAKING THINGS FOR GRANDPA.”

BROWN-EYED little maiden  
 Sits by mamma's side  
 “Making things for grandpa,”  
 With an air of pride.

“Go 'way, Bob, don't bother,  
 Please don't. Can't you see  
 That I'm just as busy  
 As a honey-bee?”

Stitches long and slender,  
 Stitches short and fat,  
 Takes all kind of stitches  
 For such work as that.



Busy little fingers,  
Working hard all day,  
Making things for grandpa  
Is lots more fun than play.



White lids drooping, drooping,  
Brown eyes closing fast,  
Making things for grandpa  
Tires one out at last.





## WHERE JACKY FOUND THE RAINBOW.

JACKY MERRY was a very little boy, and his eyes were as blue as a summer sky.

He had yellow hair, that looked as though the sun was shining on it.

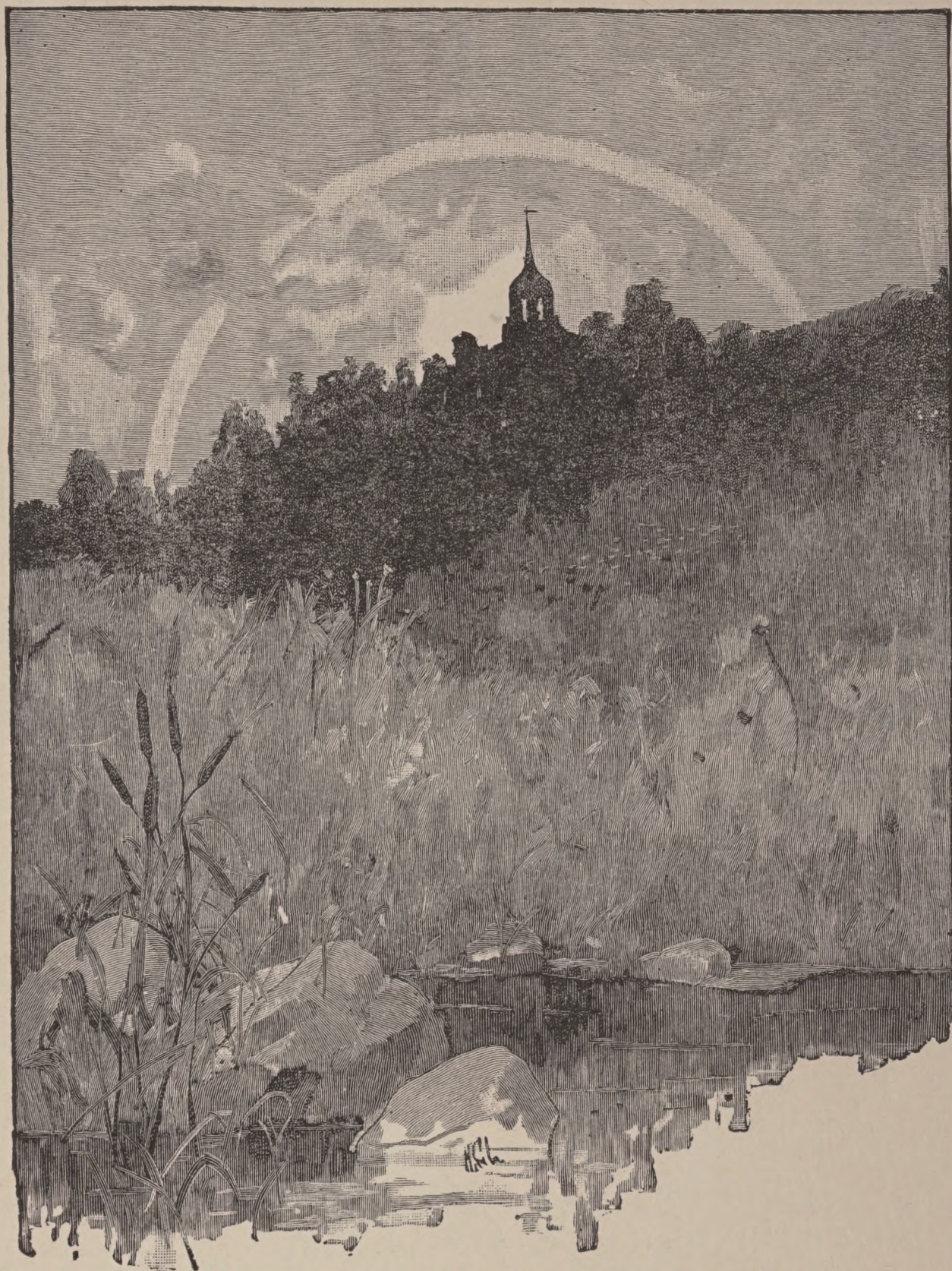
His little hands were always in mischief, and his feet ran away with him the minute he was outside of the gate.

But he was a very sweet little boy for all that.

Jacky's mamma had taken him away from the city, where their home was, to a pretty country place. The houses were not so close together as he was used to seeing them, and there were plenty of trees, and green grass to roll and play upon.

The day I am going to tell about was very rainy. Jacky had played with everything he could find.





He had been in the kitchen, but he had spilled the sugar and put the cat's paw in the cream. In fact, he got into so much mischief, that Mrs. Lane had to send him up to his mamma.

He asked so many questions that he almost set her crazy.

Then she told him about the rain, and that when it rains and the sun shines there is a beautiful rainbow.

Jackey watched the sky, and late in the afternoon the sun shone brightly, although the raindrops were still falling.



Jackey ran out on the porch, and pretty soon shouted with delight, "O mamma, I see the rainbow! I see the rainbow!"

After a few minutes, as Jackey did not come into the room, his mamma went to the door, to see what mischief he was in.

She did not find him anywhere around, so she stepped outside of the gate. Away down the road she saw a little golden head bobbing up and down, as he trotted along.

Mamma put on her hat, and walked as quickly as she could in the direction Jackey had taken.

Soon she came to a little stone church, where the doors were wide open.

In the aisle stood Jackey gazing intently at a broad ray of sunlight, with all the beautiful colors of the stained-glass window reflected in it.

"O mamma," he whispered softly, "I've found the rainbow; and it comes from up there, where Jesus is blessing the little children." And he pointed to the picture on the window.

"Yes," said mamma gently, as she led him away.

The rainbow is still one of Jackey's greatest delights, and he always says he "found it in the church, where it came straight down from heaven."







## PETER AND FRIEDA.

PETER and Frieda go to walk  
With grandpa every day;  
They like so much to hear him talk  
And tell about the fish he caught  
When he was young and gay.  
They live in Holland, all,  
And dress this funny way.



F. T.





WHAT MAY DID.





## WHAT MAY DID.

WHEN May was five years old, she spent a summer in a cottage in a pretty country town. Her father had hired it chiefly because grandpa and grandma lived only a few miles away, in the real country. Often they came and took May home with them for a few days, and then she was the happiest small girl in the world.

One day a family came to live in the next house, and May discovered that there was a little girl about her own size.

This was interesting. She went and peeked through the fence, and presently the little neighbor came to her side of the fence, and they looked at each other with lively interest, and scraped an acquaintance.

"My name's May. What's yours?"

"Edith."

"I've got a china doll."

"I've got a wax one. She's got a fan and a parasol. Come over in my yard."

A fan and parasol! But May knew she must not go without permission, and mamma was away.

"She's got a red lace hat," said Edith.

"But I can't get over the fence," May faltered.

"Crawl under," said Edith. It was a tight squeeze, and May's clean dress was rumpled. But what made her heart beat so loud was the knowledge that she was doing wrong.

They played on the porch. The doll with the parasol and the red lace hat was too much for a five-year-old conscience; and there were a little high-chair, and a bureau, and a washing-set, and four picture-books, and a kaleidoscope besides.



Once or twice May thought she heard somebody calling her, but she tried to think it was something else. When Edith was called in to tea, she crawled under the fence again, and went slowly into the house.

She found everybody looking wildly about for her. Grandpa had been to take her home with him, and Bridget had called and called, and finally concluded she had gone with mamma. And now mamma had come home, and they were all frightened. Bridget had even looked in the well.

May was so grieved about losing her visit to grandma's, that her mamma said that would be punishment enough. So it proved. The little girls played together happily all summer, but that was the first and last time May ran away.

## A Doll's Doctor.

By  
Cornelia  
Redmond

"Oh I am so unhappy!"  
Sighed little Polly Grame,

"My dolly has the measles.  
And the doctor never came."

"I'm sure I said to Mary,  
Plain as anything could be,  
That after he had seen Mamma,  
To send him up to me."

Just then she saw her brother Tom,  
Appearing at the door,  
He played the part of doctor,  
And the doll is well once more,







## LITTLE MARIE.

IN Switzerland lived little Marie,  
Among the mountains, high and snowy.

The house she lived in, old and brown,  
Had stones on top to keep it down.

Her brother climbed the heights near by,  
And gathered flowers up so high;

And every day when he came down  
Marie sold all the flowers in town.





## LADY COME TO TEA.

Oh, the sweet politeness  
Of this busy bee  
To her little visitor  
Lady come to tea!  
Even the plush poodle  
Has his proper seat,  
Though, because he's made of wool,  
He doesn't really eat.



“Have more cream,” she urges ;  
“Have some sugar, too ;  
Dolly’s tea-cups are so small,  
Have another — do !”  
Then they nibble crackers,  
Bright-eyed little mice,  
Playing they are pies and cakes,  
And very, very nice.



Little flecks of sunlight  
Flicker on the grass,  
Poodle doesn't try to bark  
At people when they pass.  
They talk like grown-up ladies,  
As nearly as may be,  
And like this play the best of all —  
This lady come to tea.





Out in the garden under a tree,  
Look sharply now and tell what you see:  
Why, two little dames and a doggie at tea.



With the best pink set the table is spread,  
With Bess at the foot and Dot at the head,  
And between them the doggie waits to be fed.



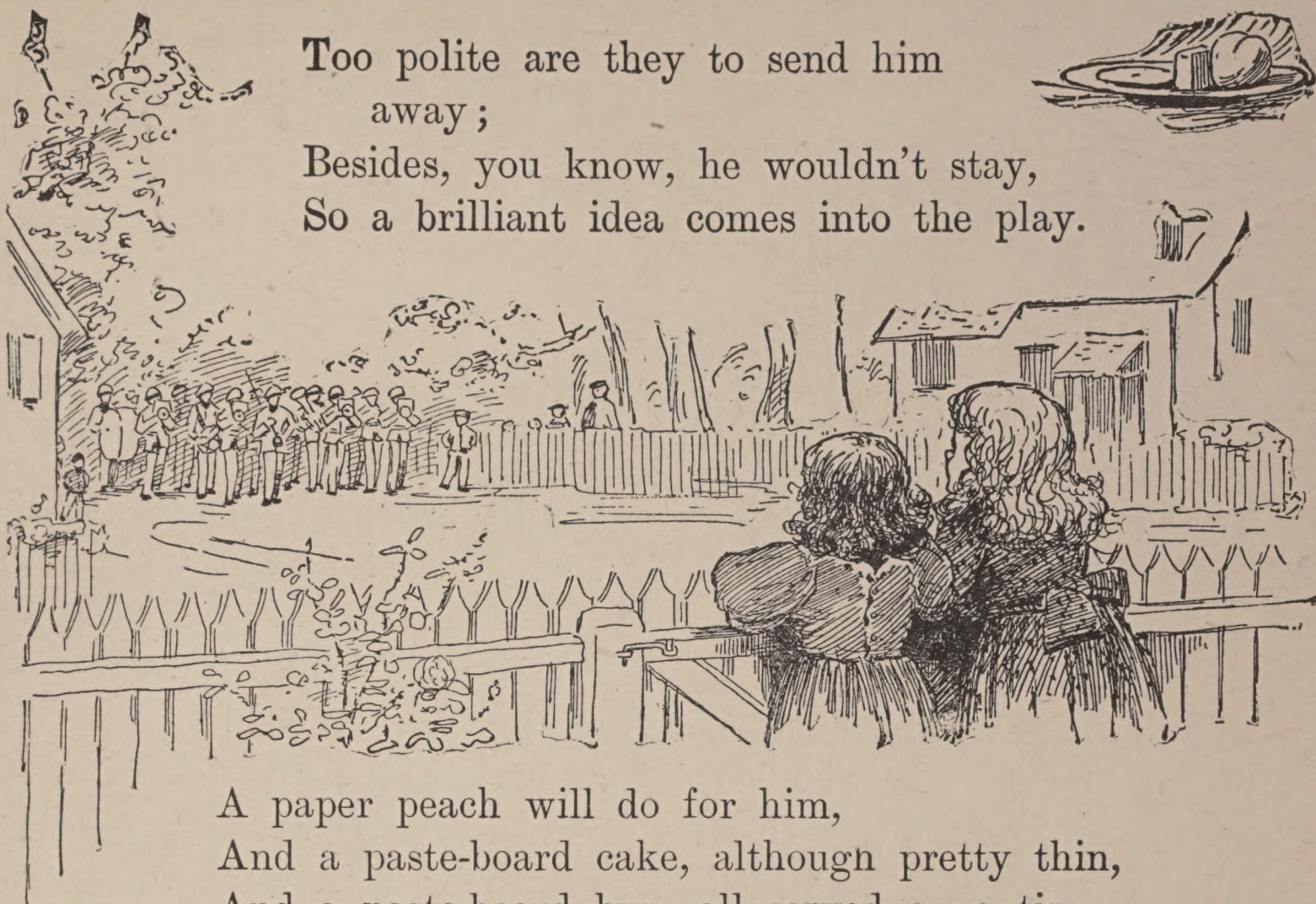
But of everything there is just a pair, —  
Two cakes, two buns, two peaches rare;  
And where can be the doggie's share!





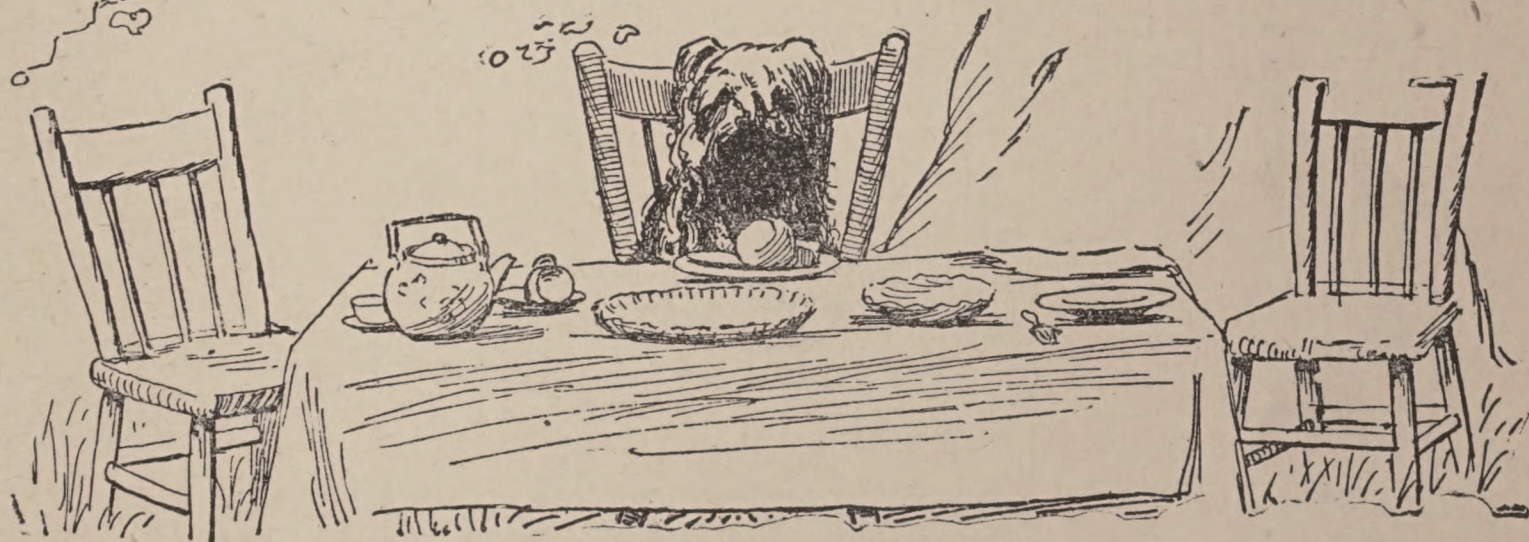
Too polite are they to send him  
away ;

Besides, you know, he wouldn't stay,  
So a brilliant idea comes into the play.



A paper peach will do for him,  
And a paste-board cake, although pretty thin,  
And a paste-board bun, all served on a tin.

But hark! a band comes down the street,  
The girls dash off on eager feet,  
To stand at the gate and enjoy a treat.



At last they run back to their dainty fare:  
The doggie sits up in his own little chair,  
But—nothing is left but his own little share.





## HOW JERRY STOOD FOR HIS RIGHTS.

THERE were so many pretty presents piled around Fred's breakfast-plate the morning of his birthday that he said he felt "good all over."

He thought there was little left that a boy could wish for.

But as the meal ended, some one called, "Fred! Fred!"

"That's Uncle George!" he cried, and rushed away to join him.

Sure enough, there was Uncle George, at the front door, holding by the bridle a white goat hitched to a jaunty little wagon. Everything about it was complete. Even the whip in its leather socket looked saucy and gay with a red-ribbon bow.

Fred shouted with delight.

"He's named Jerry," said Uncle George, patting the goat. "He has a very pleasant temper when kindly treated, but if you are cross to him, you'll find Jerry ready to stand for his rights."

While Fred proudly held the reins and Jerry trotted along, all the little fellows looked with admiration, for not another boy owned a goat.

Day after day, Fred drove a mile or two, often taking his chum Willie with him. The boys and Jerry seemed on the best of terms.

But there came a time when Tom Hall's father gave him a Shetland pony and cart. Tom and Fred were not very good friends; so when Tom drove rapidly past, calling out, "Come on, Snail!" Fred lost his temper.

Jerry did the very best he could, but not being able to trot as fast as the pony, Tom kept ahead.

As Tom still shouted back "Snail! Snail!" Fred grew still more angry, and jerked harshly with the reins. Jerry was so astonished





Carl Hirschberg

HOW JERRY STOOD FOR HIS RIGHTS.



at this injustice that he stood stock-still. Then Fred cut the whip sharply about his head, and Jerry reared and backed until the wagon was tilted over, and Fred spilt in a ditch of muddy water.

When Jerry trotted home with the empty wagon, Uncle George



hastened out to see what was the matter. He was inclined to laugh at the forlorn figure Fred made with the mud sticking all over him. But when he saw how sorry and ashamed the boy was, he shook his hand encouragingly, saying, "We all do wrong sometimes. Now make friends again with Jerry."

Jerry ate the apple Fred offered, rubbing against him for thanks, thus showing that while determined to stand for his rights he was still a forgiving and affectionate goat.





SOMETHING TO SELL.





THE SKATERS.  
66





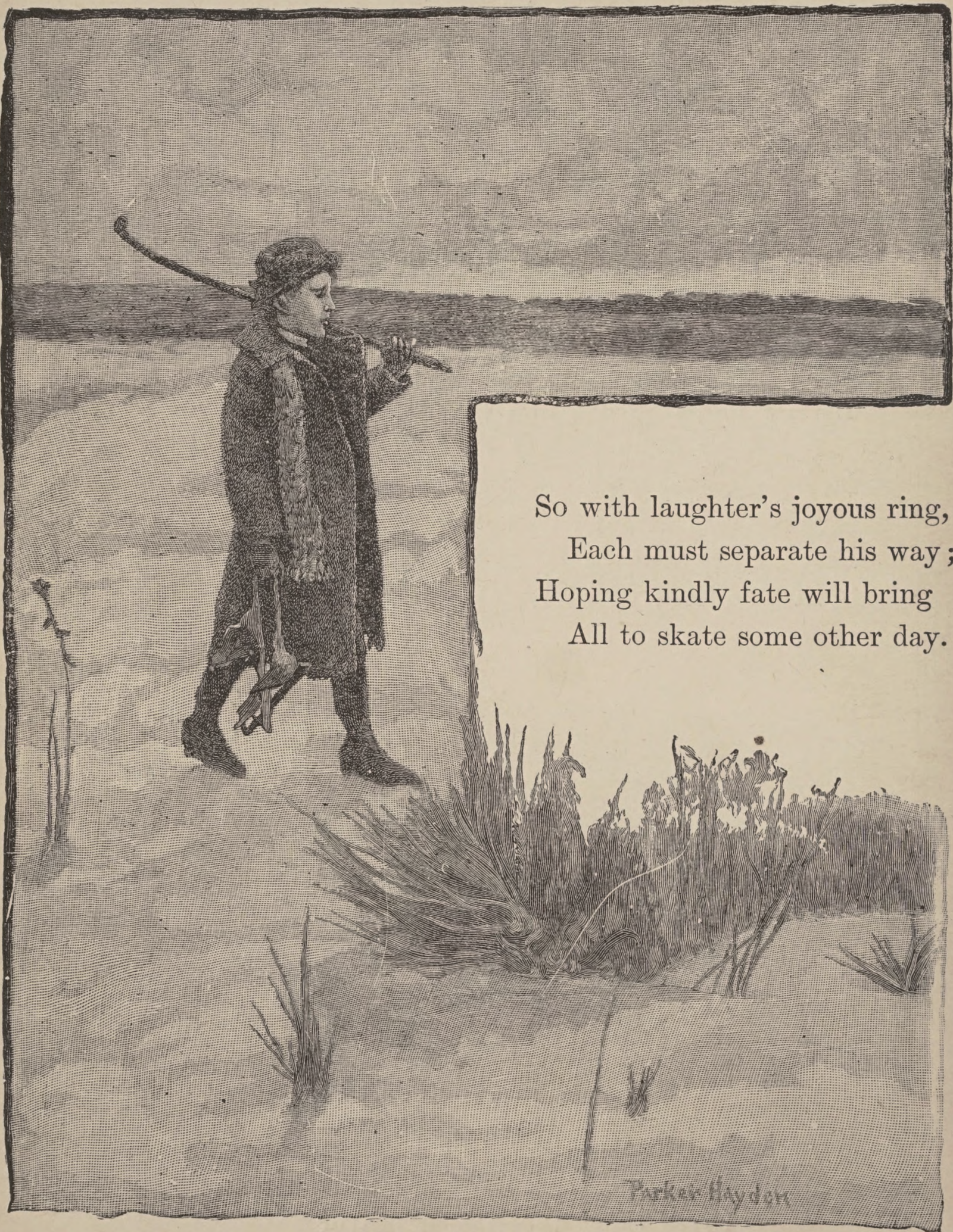
## THE SKATERS.

OUT upon the icy pond  
 Lads are skating to and fro;  
 Lassies too, brunette and blonde,  
 Aided by some gallant beau,  
 Merry changes now are making,  
 Many a graceful curve and throw,—  
 Fear and care alike forsaking  
 In this hour of healthful glow.

Snow is falling! What care they?  
 Youthful blood is coursing fast;  
 Feet are nimble, hearts are gay;  
 Like a zephyr seems the blast,  
 As it stirs the cheek with bloom;  
 Sparkles bright the joyous eye,  
 While around their icy room  
 Hand in hand they swiftly fly.

Thus upon the smooth, fine glass  
 They will linger yet awhile,—  
 Now in couplets, now to pass  
 Into independent file;  
 'Til at length home's bounteous fare,  
 Stealing through their thoughts so sly,  
 Gives their appetites a prayer  
 Which they fain would gratify.





So with laughter's joyous ring,  
Each must separate his way ;  
Hoping kindly fate will bring  
All to skate some other day.

Parker Hayden



# Bachelors Button.

Trim and neat,  
Quite complete  
Bachelor, here I stand.  
Just the true  
Flower for you,  
Ready to your hand.

No profuse,  
Flapping, loose  
Blossoms like those yonder,  
Foolish roses!

Who supposes  
You'd choose them, I wonder!

Not a leaf  
Brings you grief,  
Not a thorn torments you;  
No perfume  
Of coarser bloom  
Overduly scents you.





## CHRISTMAS FROLICS.

NICHOLAS, good saint, jolly Saint  
Nicholas,  
Not to remember you, dear, were  
ridiculous;  
You who have busily labored to  
tickle us.



Santa Claus, tenderly nicknamed Santa Claus,  
'Tis in your honor, we name, for no scanty cause,  
Jollities papa and mamma and aunty cause!

Hurrying, glad to your green tree hurrying,  
Just like a lot full of lambkins scurrying,  
Jolly old saint, we can run without worrying.

Merrily tripping it, oh, how merrily!  
Round and around we'll dance, and verily  
Pity it were to lag or go wearily.

Jollity, genuine twitting jollity,  
Flourishes best about cedar and holly tree,  
Both bearing fruit of the very same quality.



Rollicking, every one noisily  
 rollicking,  
 Little ones, big ones, all go  
 frolicking;  
 Where's the "lord of misrule"  
 for our jolly king?

Pattering, little feet daint-  
 ily pattering,  
 Big feet following, ram-  
 bling, scattering,  
 This is the figure we dance  
 in our latter ring.



Round again!  
 revellers, just  
 one round  
 again,  
 Trip, skip, lim-  
 ber toes, stiff  
 toes, bound  
 again!  
 At your next  
 holly tree we  
 will be found  
 again.





## WHAT THE STAR THOUGHT OF IT.

HA! What are you looking at, little star?  
 Because, after all, you're up so far,  
 You cannot be sure I am not asleep.  
 I just drew the curtain enough to peep.

I was sent to bed for nothing at all.  
 I say it was mean! When I threw my ball  
 Quite over the house, as I thought, and then —  
 Smash! bang! it would go right through the pane.

I wish you would shut your eye, little star,  
 I'm tired of looking to see where you are;  
 You make me feel shame that I ran away;  
 And I might have gone somewhere else to play.

Oh, you do not think I was sorry enough?  
 Well, I couldn't make of myself such a muff,  
 As to go to mamma before all her friends,  
 And tell her the trouble. But I'll make amends.





WHAT THE STAR THOUGHT OF IT.





## A CHRISTMAS PONY.

UNCLE'S house was partly burned many years ago. Dandy went through the fire and water and came out scorched and scarred. He was put away in the garret, for his beauty was gone, and he could no longer be called a "dapper little pony." For twenty years he had stood in the darkest corner of the garret, though he would have made an excellent scarecrow in cherry time.

Christmas was near, and a little boy had sent a letter up the chimney to Santa Claus, asking for a "rocker horsey."

His mamma thought it would be nice for Charlie to have the very same horse which she rode when a little girl, so she had Dandy brought down and concealed for a few weeks in the cellar.

The first thing she did was to strip off his hide, which remained only in patches, and put on a coat of brown paint.

Poor Dandy had but one perfect eye, and no glass ones could be



found, so she filled the sockets with putty and made some painted eyes. Then she cut a pair of ears out of brown leather, and fastened them on, and Dandy began to look like himself.

But he had neither mane nor tail, and it was not an easy matter to furnish these; yet after many attempts little "Try Again" gave a helping hand, and as Charlie said, a "real live tail" was found, and divided in such a way as to make a forelock, a beautiful mane, and a flowing tail.



She made a saddle of bright new leather, with red and black trimmings and brass nails.

New stirrups which shone like silver, and a yellow bridle, made him look as gay as a peacock, and nobody would ever have guessed that he was Dandy of the garret.

Charlie did not remember that he had seen him before, and thought Santa Claus a "jolly good fellow" to bring him just what he wished for.





JOHN'S RIDE.





SAILING THE BOAT.





# Jack Horner

JACK HORNER was a little monkey who lived on ship-board. He wore a sailor's jacket of scarlet flannel, and a cap to match, and was very proud of his costume. He looked like a dwarf old man, for he was brown and wrinkled, and his black eyes peeped out beneath shaggy eyebrows and crinkly gray hair.

Sometimes when the cook was cut of sight, he would jump on the flour-barrel and powder his head like a miller.

The cook scolded, and shook his rolling-pin at him. But in a twinkling Jack was up the mast. There he would sit in safety, grin and chatter, and shake his head and paws to mimic poor old Cato, while the sailors roared.

Jack went where he pleased about the ship, but his own corner was a large







for the  
sweep  
He washed  
hands in a  
sailors did,  
them on a

Jack Horner  
fond of smoked  
hard-boiled  
were often  
for breakfast.

was tidy, and would sometimes snatch a herring or an egg, if no one were near, and run off to his state-room to eat it. One morning he burned his fingers with an egg, and for a long time afterwards would not take one even when offered him.

Twice a week there was sago-pudding with cinnamon on it for dinner, and Jack was always on hand for his share. He would take his saucer in one paw, his spoon in the other, and eat as the sailors did. Sometimes there were raisins in his pudding, and then Jack was pleased. He would pull one out with his finger and thumb, hold it up, and chatter about it in great glee.

dry-goods box, turned on one side, and well supplied with clean straw for his bed. This was left to his own care, and Jack was a tidy little creature. He had watched the steward about his work till he knew just what to do. Every morning he shook up the straw with his tiny forepaws, and made his bed to suit himself. He would stand off a little way and look at it, shake it again, and pat it down.

Then he would run broom, and out his cabin. his face and basin, as the and dried towel.

was very herring and eggs. They given him

But he was not as honest as he

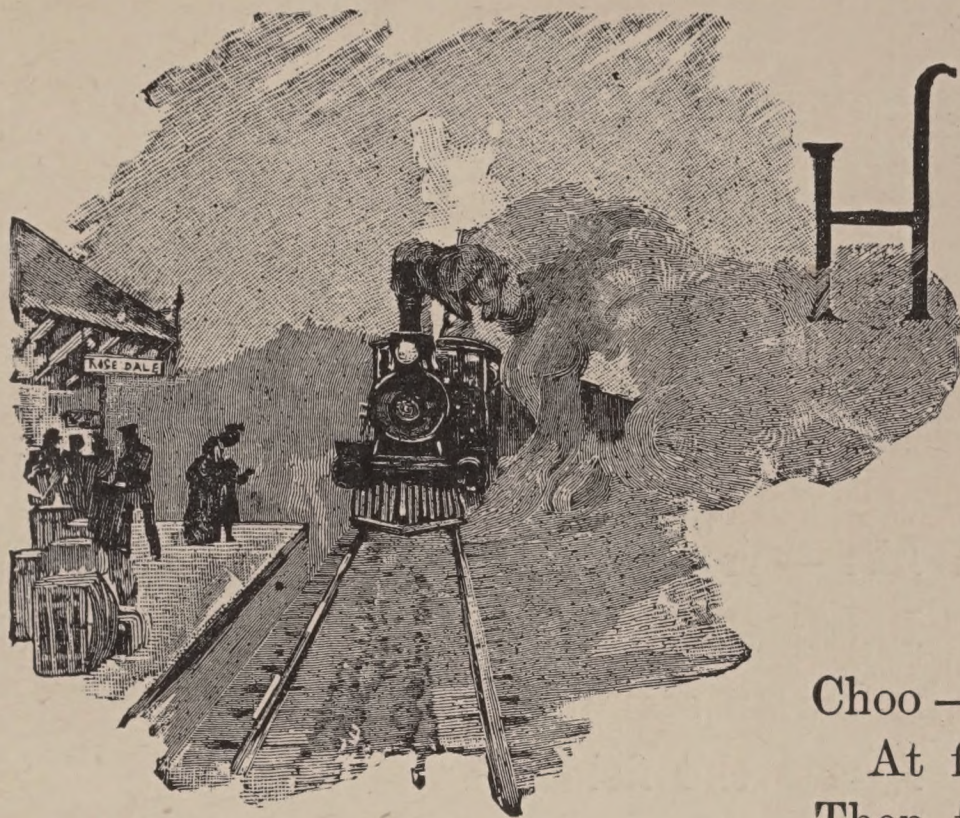


At Christmas the sailors filled a stocking for him with nuts and apples and lumps of sugar, and he had mince-pie and plum-pudding.



And you see in the picture how this little Jack Horner looked, sitting in a corner with his scarlet cap and jacket on, eating his Christmas pie.





**H** OO — oo — oo !  
 The train is coming,  
 With long, wild shriek,  
 With roar and humm-  
 ing,  
 With panting breath,  
 Outstreaming wide.  
 It stops. "All aboard!"  
 If you want a ride.

Choo — oo — oo !  
 At first 'tis slow,  
 Then fast and faster  
 Away we go !

Past fly the fences  
 In endless lines,  
 And under our window  
 A river shines.







Whirr — rr — rr,  
 Rattle the wheels!  
 The horses scamper  
 Across the fields;  
 And in a low cabin  
 Door there stands  
 A group of children  
 Who wave their hands.



Hoo — oo — oo!  
 Is it still far?  
 Ah, no, the bell rings,  
 Here we are!  
 “Why, dear, dear  
 grandpa,  
 Is that you?”  
 “Yes, how do you do,  
 child?  
 How do you do?”





GRANDPA'S WELCOME.





It was the biggest, roundest, yellowest pumpkin you ever saw. Uncle Jack called to Dollykins to come and look at it.

“There, that will make enough pies for the little old woman that lived in a shoe and all her children, on Thanksgiving day.”

Dollykins laughed; for although she did not belong to the little old woman, she knew she would have a piece of pie.

The pumpkin was laid on the cellar shelf not far from the wall where Mrs. Mouse had built herself a snug house. There was a large family of them, and Mrs. Mouse called them to her and told them that it was quite time to find homes for themselves.

“There is Whiskers, now,” said his mother; “he is old enough to climb the pantry wall and take a sip of cream. And here is Long Tail, who yesterday took a piece of cheese from the trap by himself. Clear out, all of you!”

Off scampered the little mice. Now Whiskers had seen Uncle Jack put the pumpkin on the shelf, and he thought what a fine home it would make.

Once inside he would always have plenty to eat, and would never have to go scrambling through the cellar in search of a dinner as the others did.

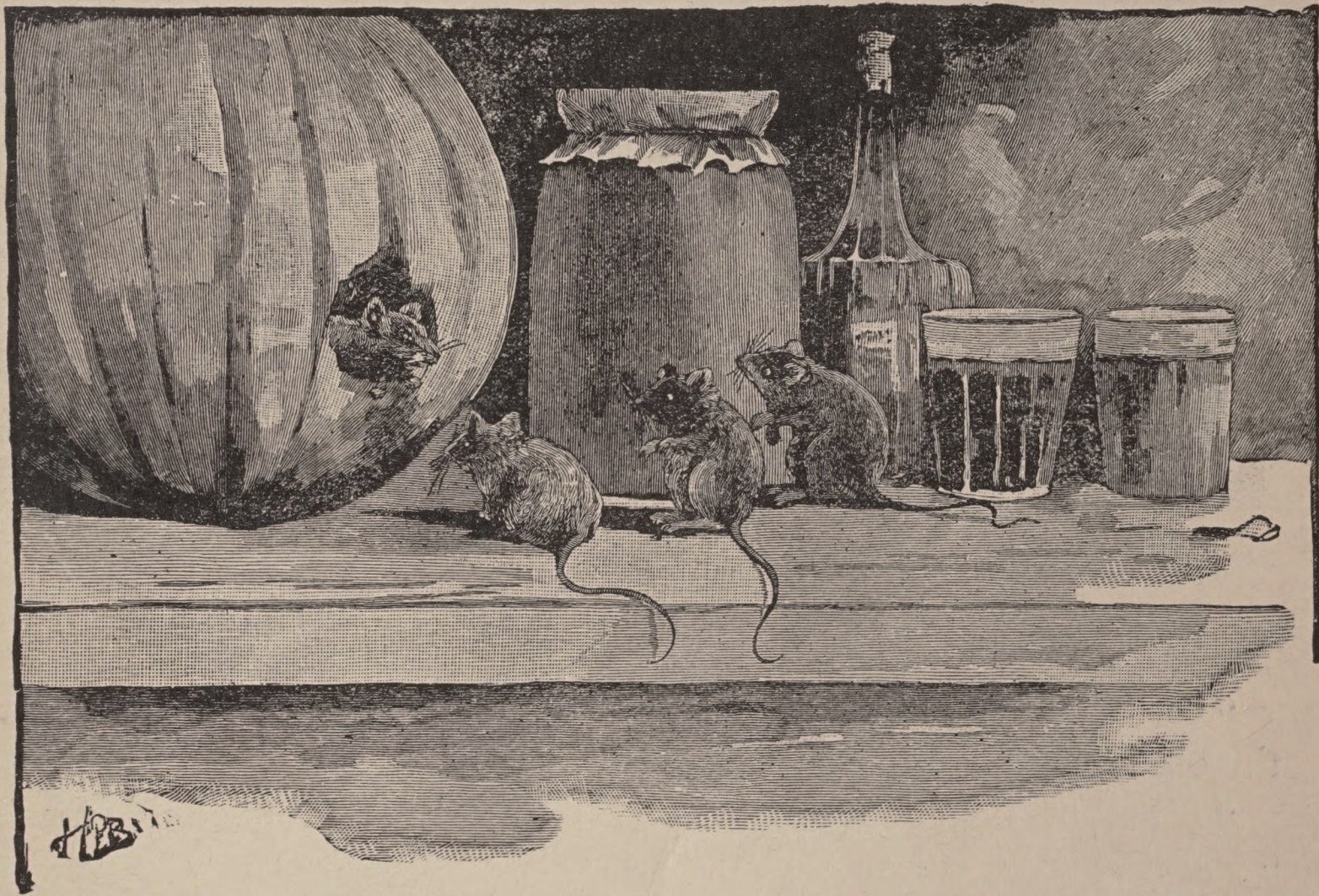
“No, no!” cried Mrs. Mouse when she heard of it; “you will be sure to be caught in your own trap.”

But Whiskers only laughed; what did an old mouse like his mother know! So he gnawed a hole in the pumpkin, and ate and ate until his sides grew so fat he could hardly move.



"You'll come to harm," sighed Mrs. Mouse, shaking her head; but Whiskers laughed again.

His brothers and sisters had to work hard for their living; and Whiskers, with his head stuck out of his pumpkin-house, made sport of them, and would not give them even a taste of the sweet, yellow meat.



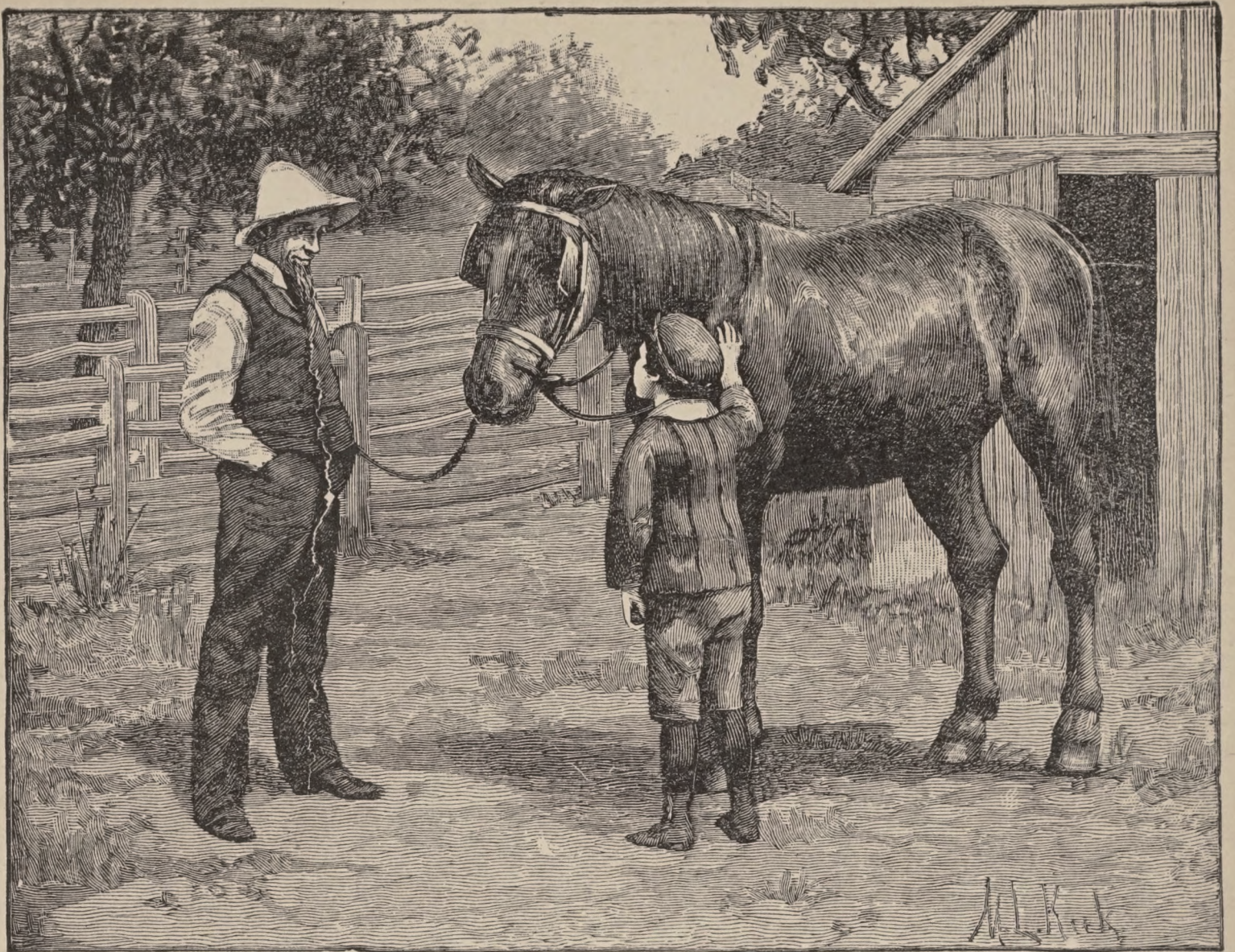
The day before Thanksgiving, Uncle Jack carried the pumpkin upstairs and laid it on the table. Whiskers, as usual, had eaten so much that he was sound asleep and did not know it.

Grandma, with a sharp knife, cut into the pumpkin, when out rolled Whiskers.

"Oh," cried grandma, "a horrid mouse! Kill it quick!" And poor Whiskers was thrown into the water-pail to meet a cruel death.

"I told him so," said his mother; "but children will never take advice from their parents."





## LITTLE JOE'S RIDE.

"Good Billy! nice Billy!" said little Joe, as he patted the nose of the old black horse. "Say, Uncle John, can't I ride him to water?"

"I am afraid you cannot hang on to him," replied his uncle. "Did you ever ride a horse?"

"No, uncle; but I am sure I can," answered Joe. "Please let me try. I'll take hold of his mane with both hands, and hang on as hard as ever I can."

"Well, you may try it. There is the trough, against that fence, the other side of the barn. Look out that old Billy does not give you a ducking."

"Never fear for me," cried Joe, riding away in great glee.

He was a little city boy, and had come out to the farm to make his uncle a visit. He thought it great fun to take a ride on horseback.

It did not take him long to find the trough, for old Billy knew the way right well. Then, how it happened, Joe never could tell: Billy put his head down quite suddenly, and right over it slid the little boy, with a great splash, head first into the water.



Of course he was not hurt. He caught hold of the fence and came out, dripping from head to foot.



Old Billy looked on rather surprised, but got his drink. He let Joe lead him back to the barn, and how Uncle John did laugh at him. Joe laughed too, as he went off to get on some dry clothes. Though he took a good many rides after that, he never forgot his first one on old Billy's back.



## BESSIE'S TRAMP.

GREAT flakes of snow were falling softly to the ground. Bessie stood watching them from the window. She was alone in the kitchen. Mamma had gone upstairs to make the beds, and the pretty rag doll lay neglected on the floor. Suddenly Bessie heard a sound at the back door.

"That's papa," she thought. But no! when she opened the door, there stood a lame old man, shivering with the cold. He was a funny old man. He wore a hood and a long cloak and a pair of green spectacles.

Bessie was surprised but not frightened. "Come in, if you please," she said sweetly.

The old man walked in and sat down by the fire.

Bessie sat down opposite him on her little stool. She waited for the old man to speak, but he did not.





Finally she said, "Please, sir, are you a tramp?" The old man smiled.

"Yes," he said, "I've tramped 'way from the village this morning."



"Oh," cried Bessie, "then you are tired! Are you hungry too?"

"A little," said the tramp.

Bessie's heart was filled with pity. She went to the pantry and brought out bread, doughnuts, meat, and a piece of pie.

"Please eat some breakfast," she said solemnly.

The old man's eyes twinkled. He sat down at the table. Bessie



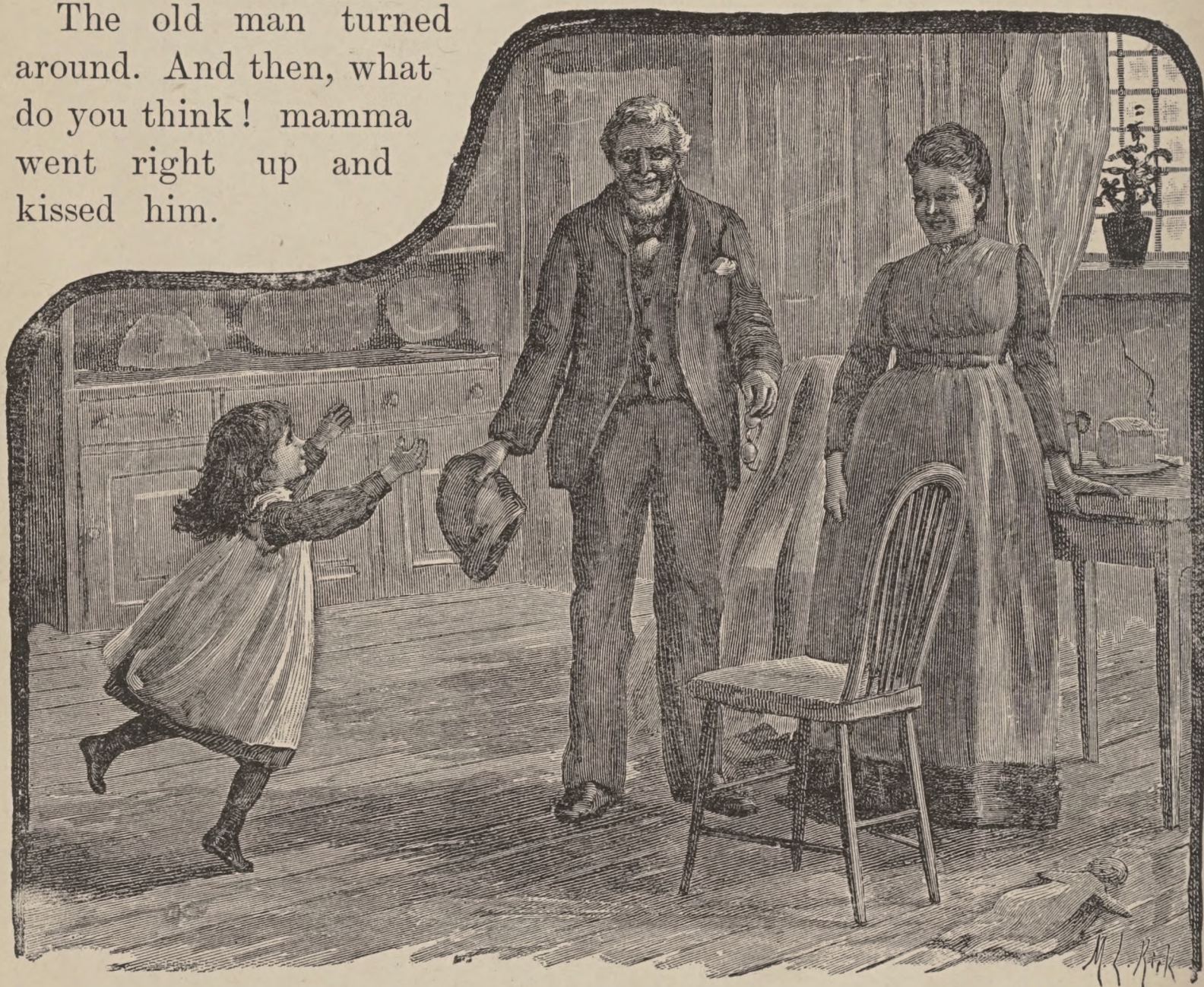
looked on in surprise. "He is so hungry, poor, poor man!" she said softly.

Presently mamma's step was heard. She opened the door and stood still.

"Why, Bessie!" she exclaimed.

Bessie ran to her, saying, "Please, mamma, he is very poor, and was cold and hungry."

The old man turned around. And then, what do you think! mamma went right up and kissed him.



Bessie looked very sober. She didn't think it was quite right to kiss a tramp.

"Won't you kiss me, too?" asked the tramp. Bessie shook her head. Mamma laughed. So did the old man.

"Well, will you now, Bessie?" and the lame old man stood up very straight, threw off his cloak and hood, and took off his green spectacles.



“Grandpa, grandpa!” cried Bessie, running right into the old man’s arms. She kissed him ever so many more times than mamma did.

She was surprised, but was very happy to find that the old tramp was really her own dear grandpa.



### LARKSPUR.

LARRY LARKSPUR, Larry Larkspur,  
Wears a cap of purple gay,  
Trim and handy little dandy,  
Straight and smirk he stands alway.

Larry Larkspur, Larry Larkspur,  
Saw the Poppy blooming fair;  
Loved her for her scarlet satin,  
Loved her for her fringed hair.



# Mabel's Shower-bath



MABEL ROSS was visiting her grandma one summer. On a rainy day, when she could not go out, grandma and she went up in the attic to get some rags for a rug. While grandma was making selections from the old garments, Mabel was prying curiously into all corners, as children delight to do. Presently she exclaimed, "O grandma! what is that tall box with a door and holes in the top?"

"That is an old shower-bath," said grandma.

"What is it for?" asked Mabel.

"Well," replied grandma, "when I was a small child, my nurse used to stand me in there and turn the water slowly on through the holes in the top, and that was my shower-bath."

"Oh, how nice," said Mabel; "may I take one some day?"

Grandma said "Yes;" but the next day Mabel's father came to take her home.

When telling her playmates about the nice times she had at grandma's, she always ended by regretting that she couldn't take the shower-bath.



One day she was out in the yard, and saw the water-cart go by, sprinkling the streets. "Oh," she thought, "if I was only under there, it would be 'most like a shower-bath."

She knew that when the sprinkler came back the driver would stop at the brook across the way to refill. Obeying an impulse, Mabel ran to the stable and got her brother's tip-cart, which she could just manage to sit in. While the driver was refilling his tank, unobserved by him, she tied the tip-cart securely in the desired position under the sprinkler.

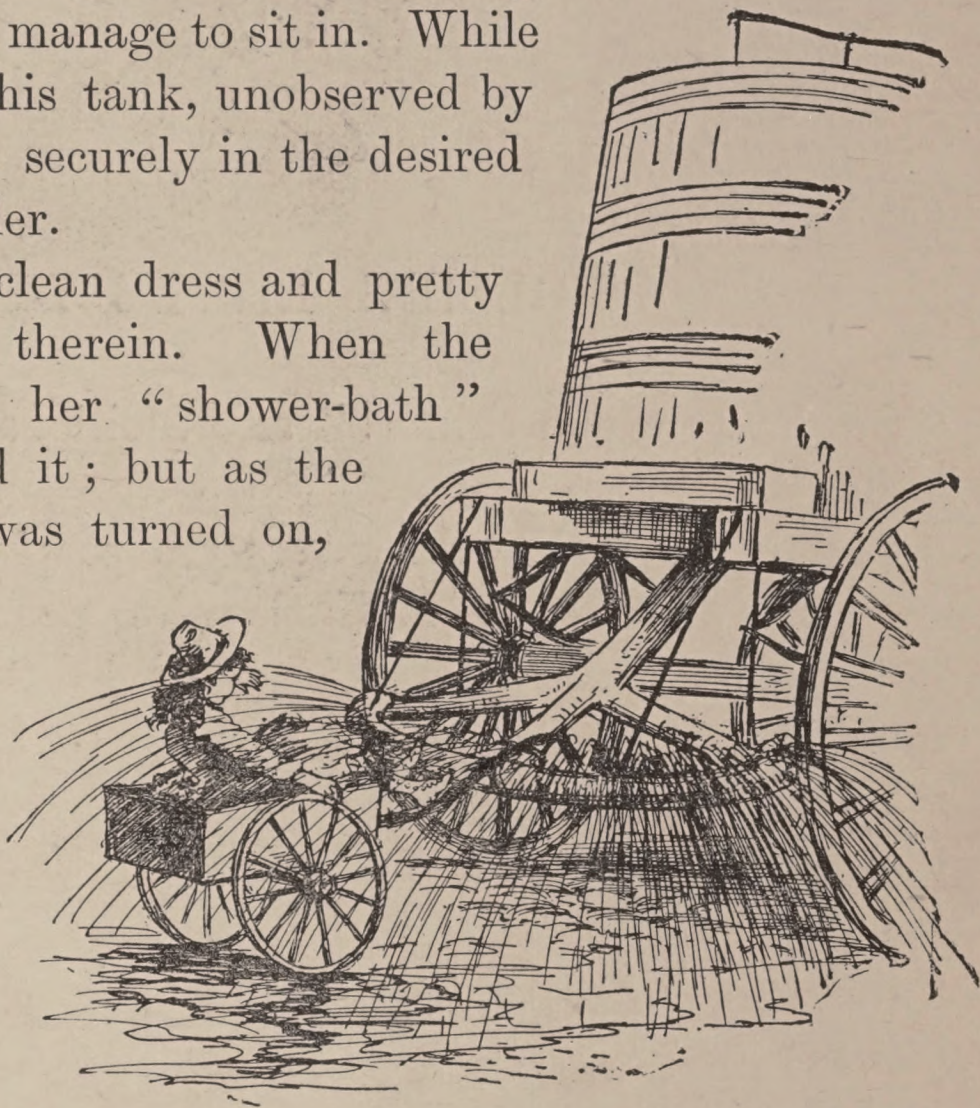
Forgetful of her nice clean dress and pretty hat, she seated herself therein. When the driver started his cart, her "shower-bath" began. At first she liked it; but as the full force of the water was turned on,

her clothes were wet through. People stopped along the street to smile at this strange sight, and the little girl became aware that she was an object of merriment. She felt ashamed, and seeing her brother Tom among

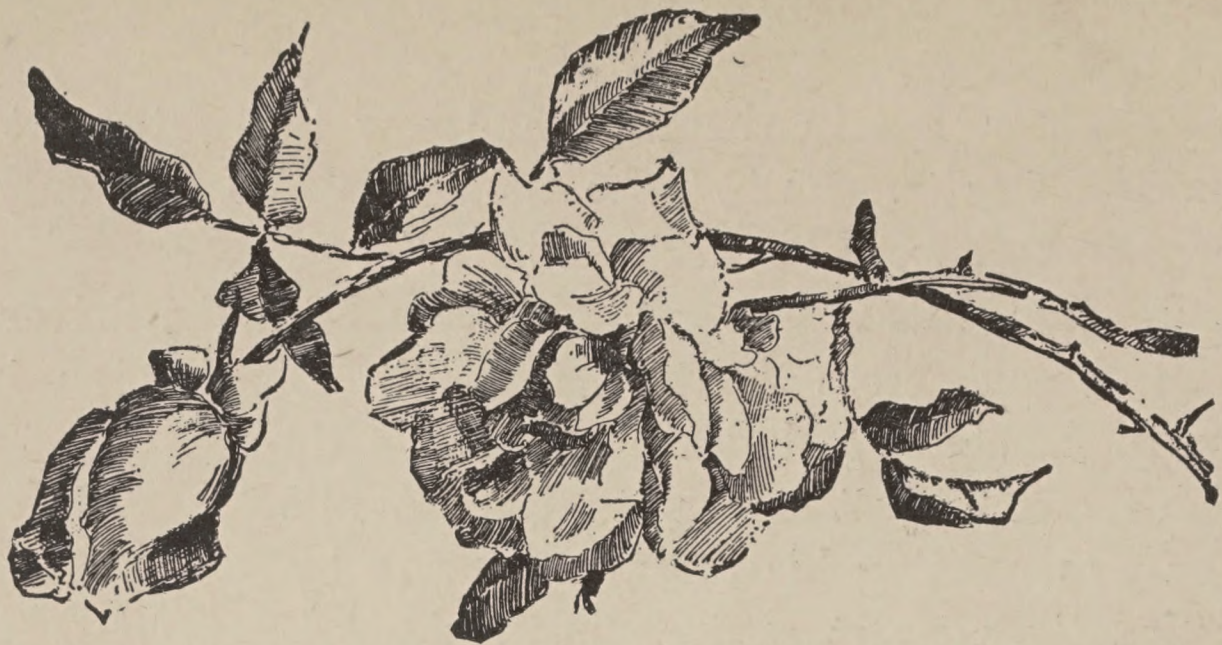
some boys on the sidewalk, cried out to him to come and get his tip-cart.

"That's two words for yourself and one for the cart," said Tom. As the driver halted just then, he untied his cart, and, at Mabel's request, dragged her home in it as fast as he could.

A very "dripping-wet" girl stood in the back entry making an explanation of her appearance to her mother, with downcast eyes, a little later. Mamma was a little vexed, but forgave her, after a slight reproof, in memory of the shower-bath she was to have taken at grandma's.







### MOLLIE'S LITTLE LESSON.

“OH, how the sun shines!” said Mollie, as she got out of bed on a spring morning.

“I know the little wild-flowers are peeping up in the grove. I know just where the darling little anemones and the bluebells grow. And there are violets, too. Oh, dear! I don’t want to go to school.”

Mollie finished dressing, and looked over towards the grove.

“I don’t believe I’m very well. I wonder if I don’t look pale.”

She went to the glass, and was sorry to see how rosy her round cheeks were.

“But I don’t feel very well, anyway.”

She put on a doleful face, and kept it so until she sat down to breakfast. It was hard work not to smile when her little kitty ran frolicking over the floor after a marble.

“What is the matter, Mollie?” asked her mamma.

“I don’t feel very well, mamma. I think I’d better not go to school to-day. I need a little fresh air.”

Mollie looked more doleful than ever, as she passed up her plate for some beefsteak and pancakes.

“If you are not well, my dear, you can only eat oatmeal,” said mamma.

Mollie did not like oatmeal; but she thought of the anemones, and made the best of it.

“I think you had better lie down,” said mamma, leading Mollie upstairs. “And you will be more comfortable with your clothes off.”





And before Mollie had time to think, there she was in bed that beautiful morning!

“Can’t I have my picture-books or my paint-box?” she asked.

“No, dear, not till you get well.”

Oh, what a long morning it was! The sun shone, and the birds sang, and Mollie wished with all her heart that she was on the pleasant way to her pleasant school.



When dinner-time came mamma brought her some toast, though she was hungry for roast mutton.

"Can't Hetty and Tom come into my room?" she asked, when they returned from school.

"No; you must be kept quiet," said mamma.

How she hated the quiet. She thought she would never again



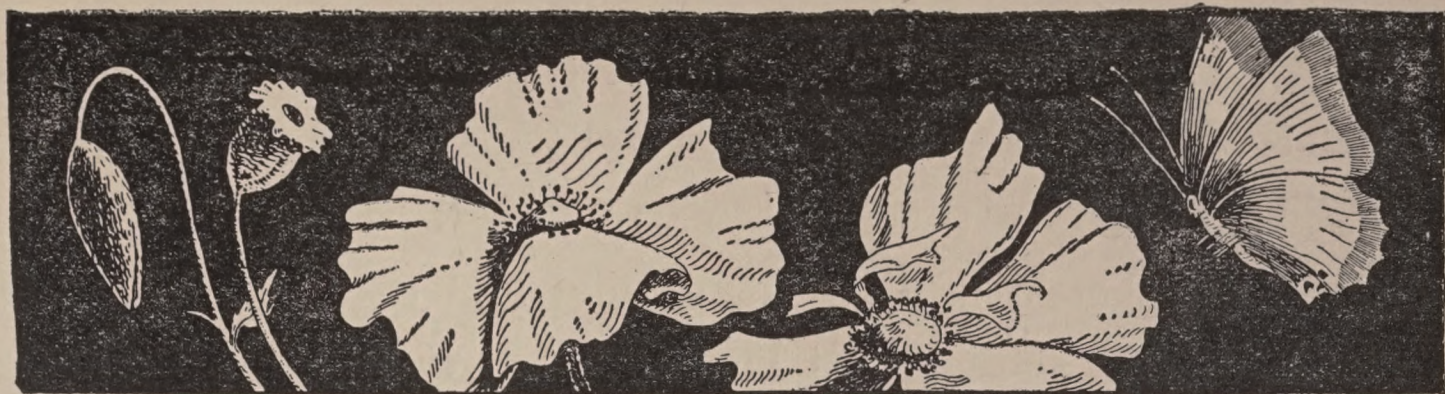
want a rest. As she had a great deal of time, she began to think that she had tried very hard to feel sick, but it was not quite true that she had been.

She told mamma so when she came to hear her prayers.

"Whenever you are tempted to tell what is not true, dear, think of this long day in bed," said mamma, kissing her.

As mamma went downstairs, she smiled to herself, saying, —  
"I think my dear little girlie has learned a lesson."





## GOING AFTER FIRE.



TELL us a story, grandma," pleaded Jennie, "of when you's a little girl."

"Yes, grandma, of when you lived in the woods, and heard the bears howl at night," said Edna. "I wish I could see one — a real live one."

"I never saw but one live one," said grandma, "and that was one morning when I ran over to our only neighbor's to borrow some fire."

"Borrow fire!" cried the children together.

"Yes," laughed grandma. "You know so long ago they didn't have any matches. There were none made then. If we let our fire go out we had to borrow some. Mother usually covered up a heap of big knots deep in the ashes overnight. On raking them open in the morning there would be a bed of live coals to begin the day."

"But one night, late in the fall, the knots did not burn, and there was no fire to get breakfast. I was the oldest — about as big as Edna. Mother pinned a wool blanket over my head with a thorn, for we didn't have many pins. Giving me the little iron fire-kettle, she bade me be spry, for the children were hungry."

"Well, I got my kettle full of bright coals, with a blazing knot on the top. I ran off through the frost, the wind keeping the coals and knot all ablaze."



“When I got about half-way home I heard a crackling through the thick bushes. Almost before I had time to stop, a great, black bear ambled out into the rough, narrow road. I was so scared that I dropped my kettle flat on the ground and stared at him. And he stared at me, sticking his long nose out toward me, sniffing and snuffling.



“But he didn’t like the smell of the burning knot, and the next moment he leaped out of the path and went crashing off through the bushes.

“I didn’t stop for the coals, but scooping the knot into the kettle, I fled toward home in a great panic. A little time after that father and Mr. Noble, our neighbor, caught the bear in a trap, and father had a coat made out of his skin,”





# THE ORANGE

“HERE is a nice sweet orange for you,” said nurse to little Ida one day; “but be sure not to swallow the seeds.”

Ida made a little hole in the orange and began to suck it. It was very juicy, and she liked it very much. But when she was almost through with it, she happened to swallow a seed.

She ran to Nurse Mary at once to tell her about it.

“Will it grow inside of me, nurse?” she asked.

Nurse Mary laughed. “Wait and see,” she said. “If you find a little orange-tree coming up, you must tell me.”

One morning Ida’s mother saw her standing before a mirror with her mouth wide open. She was trying to see down her throat.

“What are you doing, Ida?” asked her mother.

“I’m looking for my orange-tree,” answered Ida, tears in her brown eyes; “I’m afraid it will choke me when it comes up.”



Mamma did not know what Ida meant, and she laughed very much when the little girl told her about the seed she had swallowed. She told Ida there was no danger that a tree would grow from it.



But it was a long time before Ida forgot what nurse had said, and for many weeks she was often seen standing before a mirror with her mouth wide open, looking for that orange-tree which might come up after all.







## BABY BUMBLES AND DOTTIE DIMPLE.



BABY BUMBLES and Dottie Dimple are two tiny black-and-tan-colored dogs.

They live in a family where there are no little children, so they are great pets.

These happy little creatures do not have their own way in everything any more than you children do.

They have little beds, on which they sleep every night, and they run and curl up on them just when their mistress tells them to.

Then every day, as soon as dinner is over, they have a game of ball.



Do you wonder how little dogs can play ball? Well, I will tell you.

Each little dog has a rubber ball for its very own. Dottie will not touch Baby's, nor Baby Dottie's. The balls are kept in a little box, and after dinner the dogs scamper off and get them. They carry them to the sitting-room and lay them at the feet of some one. Then they dance around, giving little sharp, quick barks, until the balls are picked up, and the game begins.

The balls are thrown upon the floor, and, as they bounce, the dogs catch them in their mouths, and carry them up to be thrown again.

This they keep up as long as any one





will play with them. When the game is over they put the balls away again in the little box.

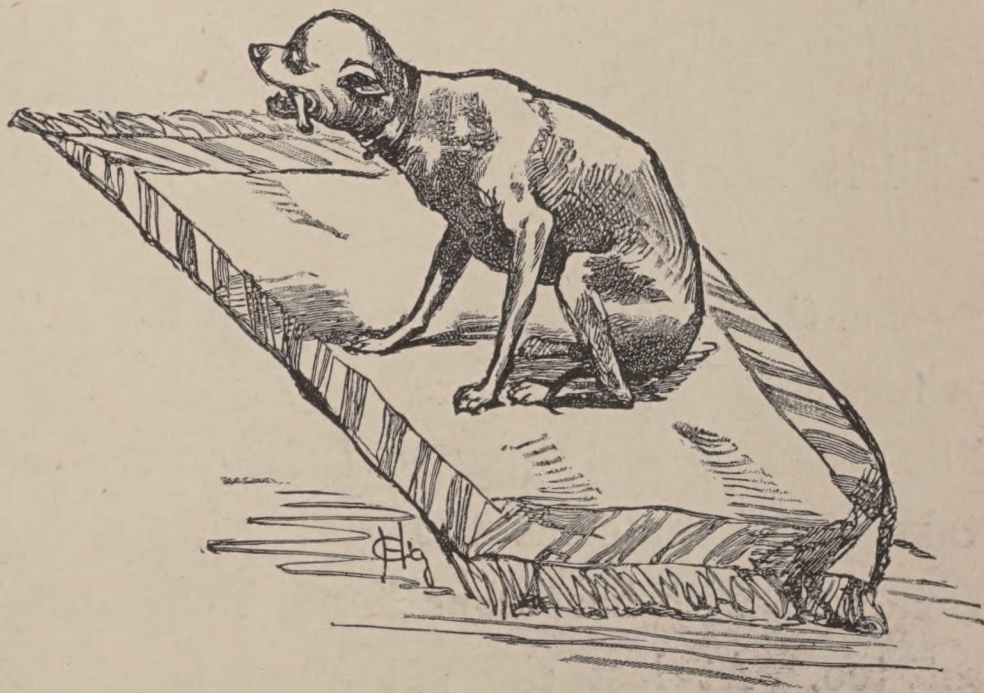
Baby Bumbles and Dottie Dimple, like other dogs, are very fond of bones.



When your mother gives you a cooky, or a piece of bread with sugar on it, you don't scatter the crumbs all over the floor, do you?

No, you are a good little boy or girl, and sit still in one place until your cooky or bread is eaten up.

Well, these little dogs are taught to be just as careful as you are. So, when bones are given them, they run off with them to their mats. Dottie has her mat, and Baby has his.



Here they gnaw every bit of meat off, and make them so clean that they can take them to any part of the house. Little clean white bones are often found lying around on chairs and sofas.

These little dogs go to ride, too, sitting up on the seat of the buggy, looking very wise.





## THAT FLY PAPER.



LOTTIE is a little girl who sometimes disobeys her mamma. She is only four years old, and her papa always says, when she gets into trouble, that when she is older she will do better.

On entering the kitchen, one morning, she saw a large piece of white paper spread out on the table. Her mamma explained to her that it was covered with something sweet and sticky, and had been placed there to catch the flies. Lottie promised not to touch it, and her mamma went out and left her trying to count the flies that had been caught.

She soon became tired of this, and made up her mind to see what made the poor flies stay on the paper.

She spread one dimpled little hand out flat on the paper, but when she tried to take it off, up came the great sheet of paper with it. She tried to remove it with her other hand, but it caught that hand, and held it fast, too. At last she put her face against it, and tried to push it off with that, but it only stuck hard and fast to her poor little nose and cheeks.

Thoroughly frightened by this time, she called loudly for her mamma, who hurried to her, but had to stop and laugh at such a funny-looking little girl.



Her papa came in just then and felt very sorry to see his little daughter in such a sad plight.

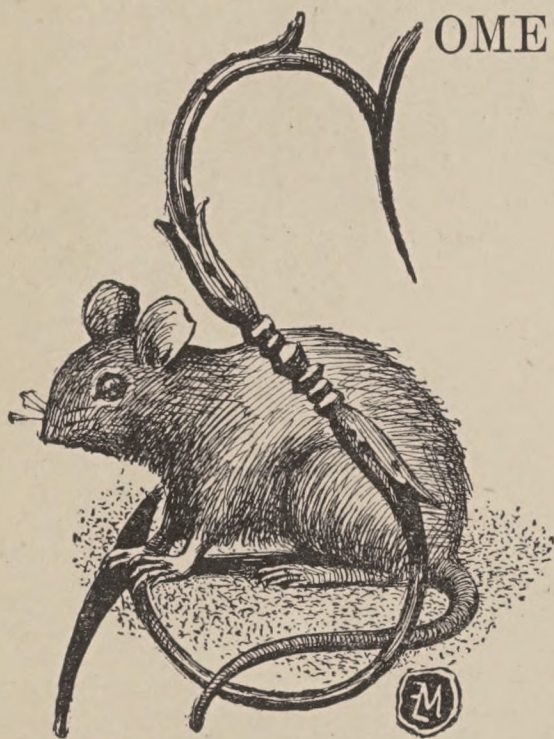


He removed the paper from her face and hands, while she gladly promised to try very hard never again to disobey her mamma.





## A MOUSE FROLIC.



OME mice had found their way into Mrs. Carper's sitting-room, and they bothered her very much. One day she baited a trap with some cheese and put it in a corner behind the secretary.

Then she lay down on the couch and was soon sound asleep. But before she had slept long, she was awakened by a noise that she could not understand. It sounded as if the room was full of wild animals. She opened her eyes lazily, and what do you suppose she saw? Five mice! She kept very still and watched them. One of them, who she supposed was the mother, sat curled up in a belt of sunshine with its eyes shut as if asleep. The other four were scampering, jumping, and capering about, just like young puppies or kittens.

Mrs. Carper had never seen any mice at play before, and she was so pleased with their gambols that she forgot how much they had annoyed her.

What times they were having! They would race clear across the room and back again to where their mother sat. Now and then one



of them, in playing with the others, would roll over the mother; but she would only blink at them a little, as if she thought, "Well, you are pretty good children anyway, even if you are a little too lively now and then."



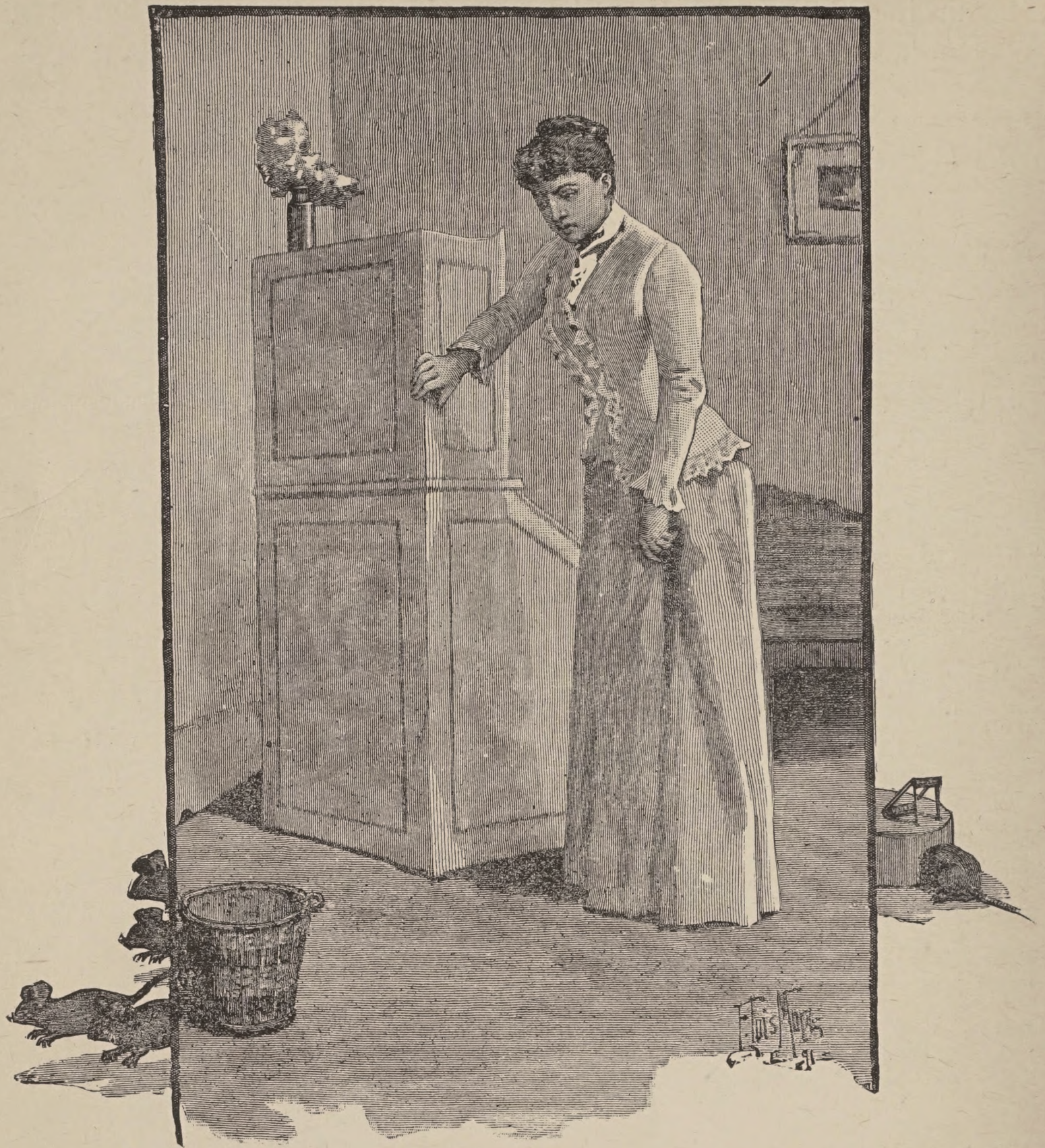
After a while the old mouse seemed to have finished her nap, for she opened her eyes and went prowling about to find a dinner.

Mrs. Carper, however, was so busy watching the young mice that she gave no thought to the old one.

Suddenly, snap! went the trap in the corner.

Mrs. Carper said, "Oh!" very loud, and away went the four merry mice behind the secretary like a flash.



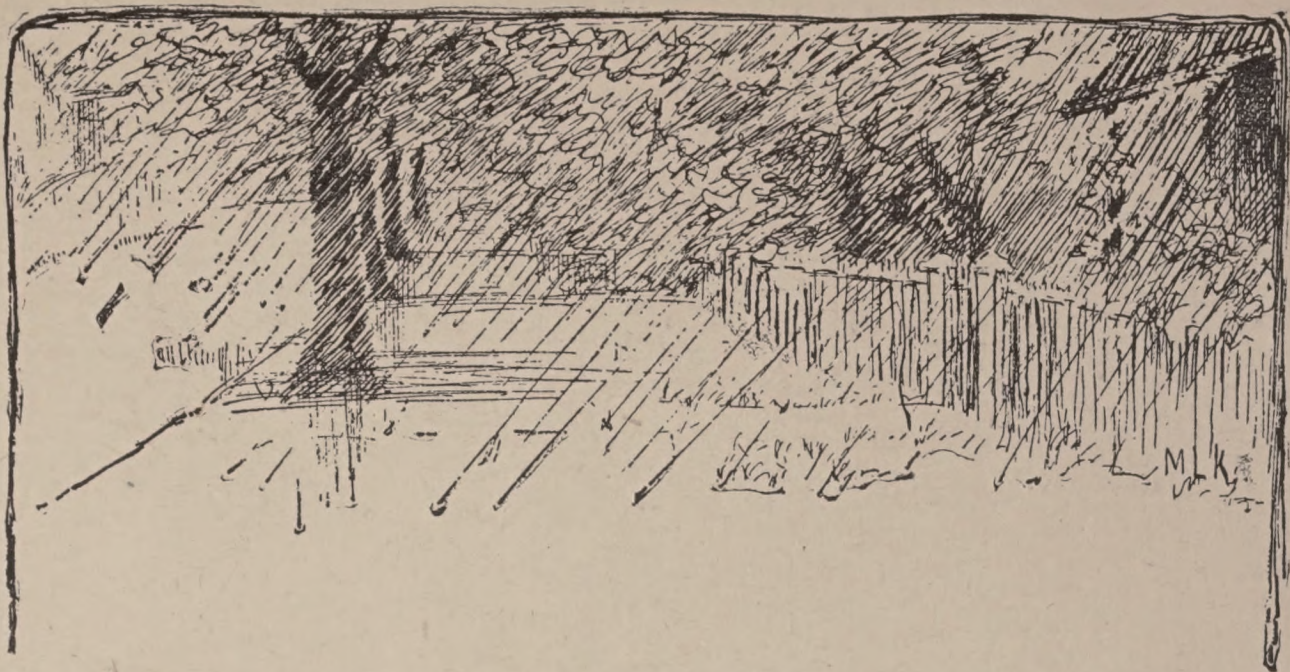


Mrs. Carper quickly pulled out the secretary, but the only trace of those sixteen twinkling feet was a small hole at the edge of the base-board.

Wasn't it too bad to have their frolic stopped?

Mrs. Carper never saw them play again, for the cruel trap caught every one in less than two days.





## WHERE JOHNNIE WENT.

“JOHNNIE!”

No answer.

“Johnn-i-e!”

Silence still.

“J-o-h-n-n-i-e!”

“W-h-a-t.”

Mrs. Porter knew her little boy so well that when this tardy answer came so faintly she felt sure he was in mischief.

An hour before she had dressed Johnnie in his beautiful white dress and new kid shoes, to go shopping with her. Just as they were ready to start, a dashing shower came up. But the sun was now shining brightly again; so, after all, they could go.

But in the last few minutes Johnnie had disappeared. Where was he? His mother looked through the rooms, but her boy was not to be seen. Looking out the door she saw some little tracks, which she followed, and what do you think she saw?

At the rear of the house was a hole which Johnnie had dug, and called it his well. The hole was full of water from the shower; and in it — yes, in all the mud and water — was Johnnie, working as fast as he could.

“O Johnnie!” screamed his mother. “What a naughty, naughty boy you are!”

“Well, mamma,” said Johnnie, “I was so afraid it would not rain again, and I wants a big well full of water.”

Johnnie did not go shopping with his mother that afternoon; but





there was one place to which he did go—into the little, dark closet under the stairway. And when his mother peeped in half an hour later he was fast asleep. The muddy dress, the ruined shoes, and the punishment were all forgotten.







## MEASURED FOR CHRISTMAS.



UGH! there's a worm upon your dress,"  
Said little Caroline to Bess.

"It drags its tail up to its head,  
And then takes one long step," she said.

"It is a measuring worm," said Bess.

"I want a pretty, new silk dress.

"The worm has come to measure me;  
The dress will come; so wait and see."

A father's ear drank in each word  
That in his chair he overheard.

When Christmas came, oh, joy for Bess,  
There came for her a new silk dress.



A pleasant note was pinned to it;  
It said, "I hope this dress will fit.

"I've cut it by the measure true  
Sent by the worm that measured you;



"So, merry Christmas, darling Bess!  
Who sent your gift? Now, can you guess?"

Of course dear Bess could have no doubt  
How what she wished had come about.



Her faith in Santa Claus was firm;  
And how she blessed the fairy worm

That took her measure, with such skill!  
While good old Santa paid the bill.

Now, that's the way that little Bess  
Believes her pretty, new silk dress

Was made and sent; let her believe;  
The passing years will undeceive

The little girl who shakes her curls,  
And says that worms do measure girls

For dresses that kind Santa brings,  
With lots of other precious things.

---

## PAT ROONEY AND HIS WIFE.

THERE are some lovely gardens in a large Western city. These gardens have a long name, the Zo-o-log-i-cal. Many animals live in the houses made for them, and are taught cunning tricks.

Two very large monkeys, called Pat Rooney and his wife, are kept in a cage. A group of children stood before the cage, and this is what they saw. The monkeys had very large mouths, shaggy eyebrows, long arms and fingers.

Pat was dressed in a red coat, with a little hat on top of his head. Mrs. Rooney wore a bright dress, with a white cap tied under her chin, and a large sun-bonnet over that. It was time for them to eat supper. They sat down to a table on which were two plates, mugs, napkins, knives, and forks.

Pat looked pleased when he saw the nice bread and butter,



cake, and milk on the table. They both put the napkins round their necks. Pat cut up the bread with his knife and fork, drank the milk, and soon his plate was empty. He slowly wiped his mouth with the napkin; then, all at once, he jumped upon the table, and took the bread from Mrs. Rooney's plate. She began to scold him, and made the dishes rattle; Pat laughed, and taking the table-cloth threw it around Mrs. Pat, and they rolled over and over on the floor.



The children laughed and shouted to see the funny creatures. The monkeys were now in for fun, and chased each other up and down the high poles.

When the monkeys were tired of jumping, they sat down in little rocking-chairs to rest, talking to each other. Perhaps they said, "Why do those children laugh so much?" "We can laugh at them for being so silly."

"Now for a race," cried Pat. So again they ran up and down the poles and round the cage, chattering all the time. The children were sorry to go away, but will come again some day to visit Pat Rooney and his wife.





## A HERO OF OUR DAY.

MANY years ago there was a great fire, that burned down a large part of the city of Chicago. Hundreds of homes were swept away, and many strange events occurred while the flames were raging.

A rich lady was hurrying through the crowd of frightened people, and trying to save a few of her household goods. She saw a small boy, and called him to her, saying, "Take this box, my boy, and do not part with it for one instant, until I see you again. Take care of it, and I will reward you well."

The boy took the box, and the lady turned back to save some more of her goods, if possible.

Soon the crowd came rushing between them and they were separated. All that night and the next day passed. The lady took refuge with friends outside the city, and heard nothing more of boy or box.

Her diamonds, a large amount of choice jewelry, and all her valuable papers were in the box, and of course she was in great distress at losing them.

But on Tuesday night a watchman found the boy, sitting on the box, and almost buried in the sand and dirt that had fallen about him. He had been there all through the long hours, without food or shelter. At times he had covered himself with the sand to escape the terrible flames.

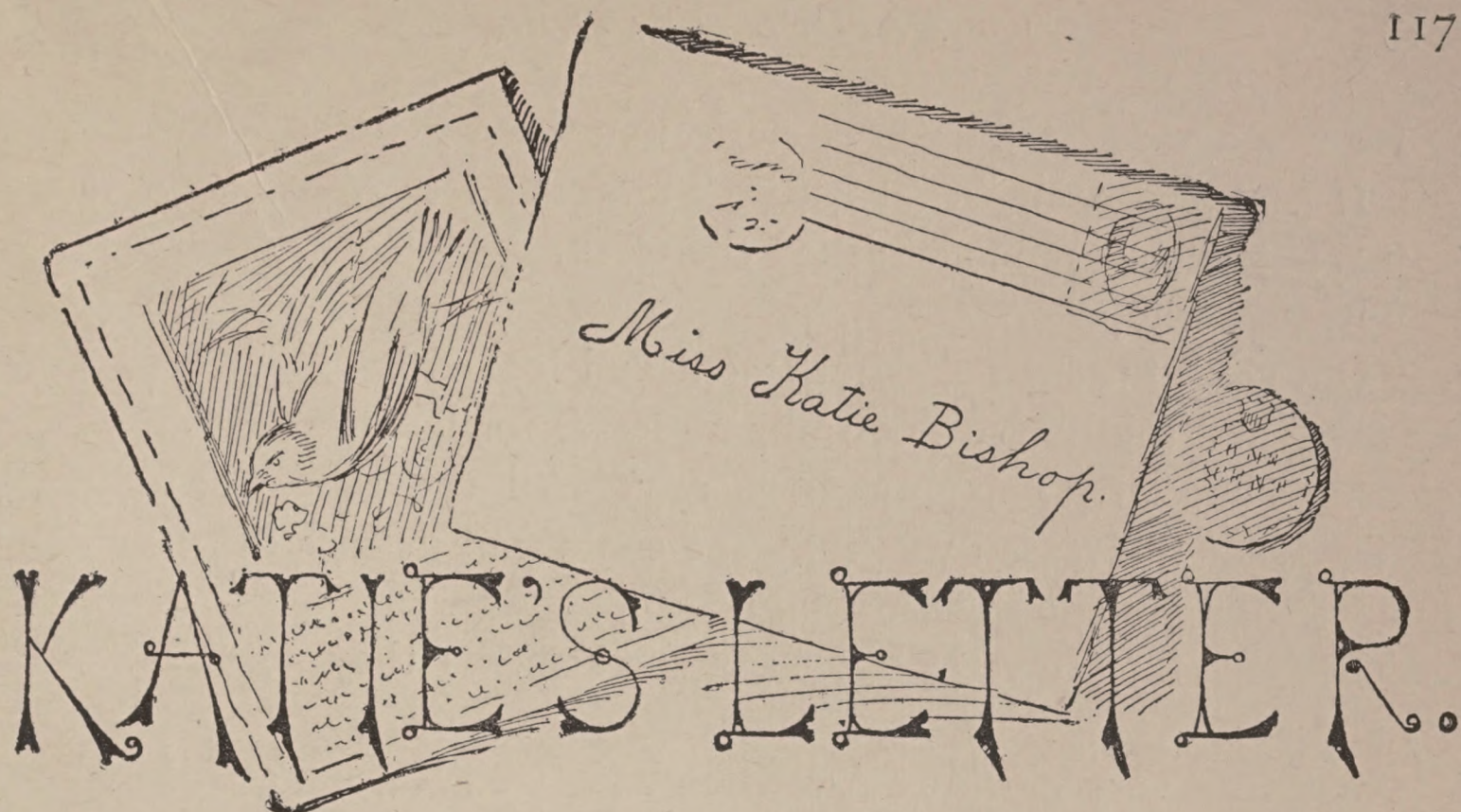
The poor child was almost dead with fright and fatigue, but had never once thought of deserting the precious box that had been trusted to his care.





Of course he was amply rewarded by the grateful lady, but the boy who could be so faithful to a trust would be rich and noble without any gift.





KATIE is a little girl just four years old. One morning her Aunt Sue took her to the post-office. They do not live in a city where the letter-carriers bring the mail to the houses, but in a large town where all have to go to the post-office to get their mail.

When they reached the office Aunt Sue asked the clerk at the window if there was a letter there for her. He went back into the room and looked. Pretty soon he came back, and said:

"Yes, there is one for you," and gave it to her. Then they went home and Aunt Sue read her letter.

One day, about a week after that, Katie was feeling very lonesome. There was no one she could play with, and she had played alone until she was tired. Aunt Sue had gone to the city for a day. All at once Katie thought: "Oh, I'll go down to the post-office and get a letter. That will be such nice fun."

She knew where the post-office was, and as the town was a quiet one, she was often allowed to go as far as that alone. She took her smallest dolly with her for company, and started out. When she came to the office she went up to the window. For quite a little while the clerk did not know she was there. She was so small that her head did not come up to the window, and he could not see her.

By and by he heard some one say in a very small voice: "Mister." Then the clerk went to the window and saw Katie, and said:

"What do you want, little woman?"



He was a very good-natured clerk, and liked little boys and girls.

"If you please, sir," said Katie, "I want a letter."

"What is your name?" asked the clerk.

"Katie Bishop."

"Oh, yes," the man said, and went and looked in the boxes. Then he came and told Katie there was no letter for her that day.

So she had to go home without any. All the time she was wondering what the reason was that she could not get a letter like Aunt Sue. After a while she thought:

"Perhaps they have to buy them the same as they do candy. I'll go and see."

Now, that very morning Aunt Sue had given Katie a cent for doing an errand for her; and this cent, strange to say, was not yet spent, but was safe at home.

Katie went home, got the money, and came back to the office. The clerk was at the office this time, and she put her money upon the shelf, saying:

"Please, Mister, if you can buy a letter for a cent I want one."

When he heard that, the clerk laughed, and said:

"No, you can't buy a letter for a cent; but you can take your money, and go down to the store and buy some candy. Then, if you stop when you come back, I rather think there will be a letter here for you.

So Katie did as he said, and when she came back, in about ten minutes, sure enough there was a letter in a real envelope, directed in a nice plain hand to "Miss Katie Bishop." In the envelope was a lovely card with a picture and some verses on it.

Where do you suppose it could have come from?







KATIE'S LETTER.





## PUSS IN THE CAGE.

“DON’T pinch her tail and  
ears,

But hear her sing.

Her music is very sweet,

The pretty thing!”

And as I stroked her fur,

Gray puss began to purr.

Ted listened. Some new thought

Was in his head;

And up the garret stairs

Away he sped.

Dead Dickie’s cage was there —

He knew exactly where.



Next time I looked for puss,  
On the window-nail  
I saw the gold-wire cage;  
And her long tail  
Hung out with doleful swing  
Between its bars, — poor thing!

Perhaps Ted thought if birds  
Were in cages hung  
To sing, why not the cat,  
Too, when she sung.  
So, restless little man,  
He had carried out that plan.

Puss had no room to turn  
In that small space,  
To curl up in a ring,  
Or wash her face.  
And so she mewed to me  
Wildly to set her free.

When Teddy came to find  
His songster, "Where  
Is my gray bird?" he cried;  
"I hung her there."  
"Yes, and poor puss mewed so,"  
I owned, "I let her go."





## JAPANESE TEA.

TOWSER and me,  
I hope you see,  
Are seated to drink  
Our Japanese tea.

The painted pot  
Isn't very hot,  
And he can pour it  
As well as not.

I laugh to think,  
When he comes to drink,  
How he will stir it,  
And smack and blink;



How he will take up  
His pretty cup,  
And cool it a little,  
Sippity-sup ;

And turn it about,  
Then taste, then pout,  
And I shall clap hands  
And laugh right out,

For don't you see,  
What nurse gives me  
Is nothing on earth  
But cambrine tea?



APRIL SHOWERS BRING FORTH MAY FLOWERS.



# THE MOTHER GOOSE SERIES

20 TITLES, HANDSOME CLOTH BINDING,  
ILLUMINATED COVERS.

A SERIES of popular books for young people. Each book is well printed from large type on good paper, frontispiece in colors, profusely illustrated, and bound in cloth, with ornamental covers in three colors, making a series of most interesting books for children at a reasonable price.



---

Price 75 Cents per Copy

---

- Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Animal Stories** for Little People. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Beauty and the Beast**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Bird Stories** for Little People. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Bluebeard**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Cinderella; or, The Little Glass Slipper**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Goody Two Shoes**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.  
**House That Jack Built, The**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Jack and the Beanstalk**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Jack the Giant Killer**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Little Red Riding Hood**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Mother Goose's Rhymes**. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Mother Hubbard's Melodies**. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Night Before Christmas**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Patty and Her Pitcher; or, Kindness of Heart**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Peter and His Goose; or, The Folly of Discontent**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Puss in Boots**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Sleeping Beauty, The**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Tom Thumb**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.  
**Who Killed Cock Robin**, and Other Stories. Profusely Illustrated.

---

For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers,

A. L. BURT COMPANY, 52-58 Duane Street, New York







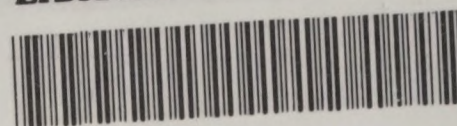
JUL 10 1905







**LIBRARY OF CONGRESS**



0002126636A

